

"Breitmann's Ballads," Complete.

Hans Breitmann's Popular Ballads.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.



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Toronto:

WM. WARWICK, 36 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

1870.

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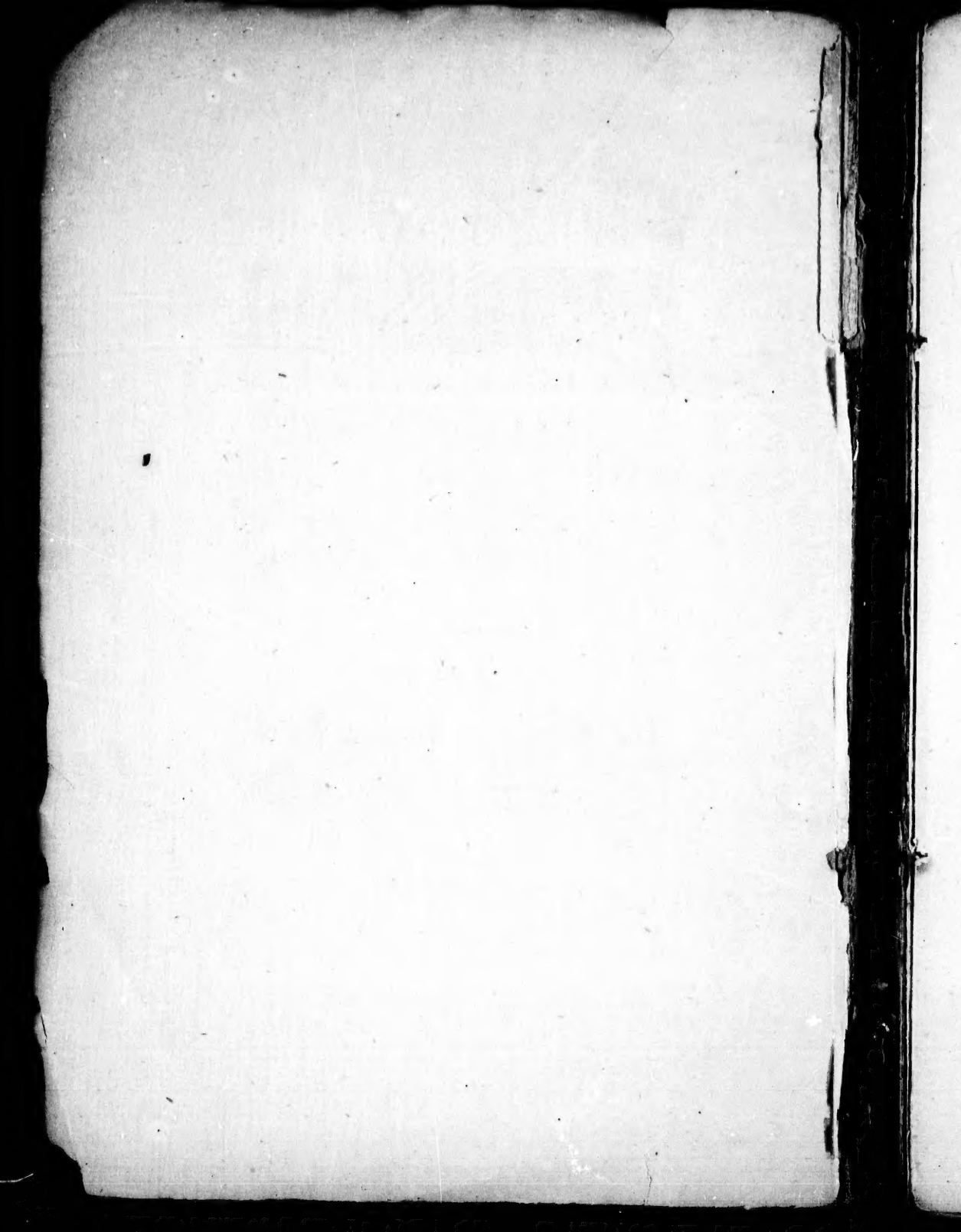
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HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY,

AND OTHER BALLADS.



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BY

CHARLES G. JELAND.

First Series of the Breitmann Ballads.

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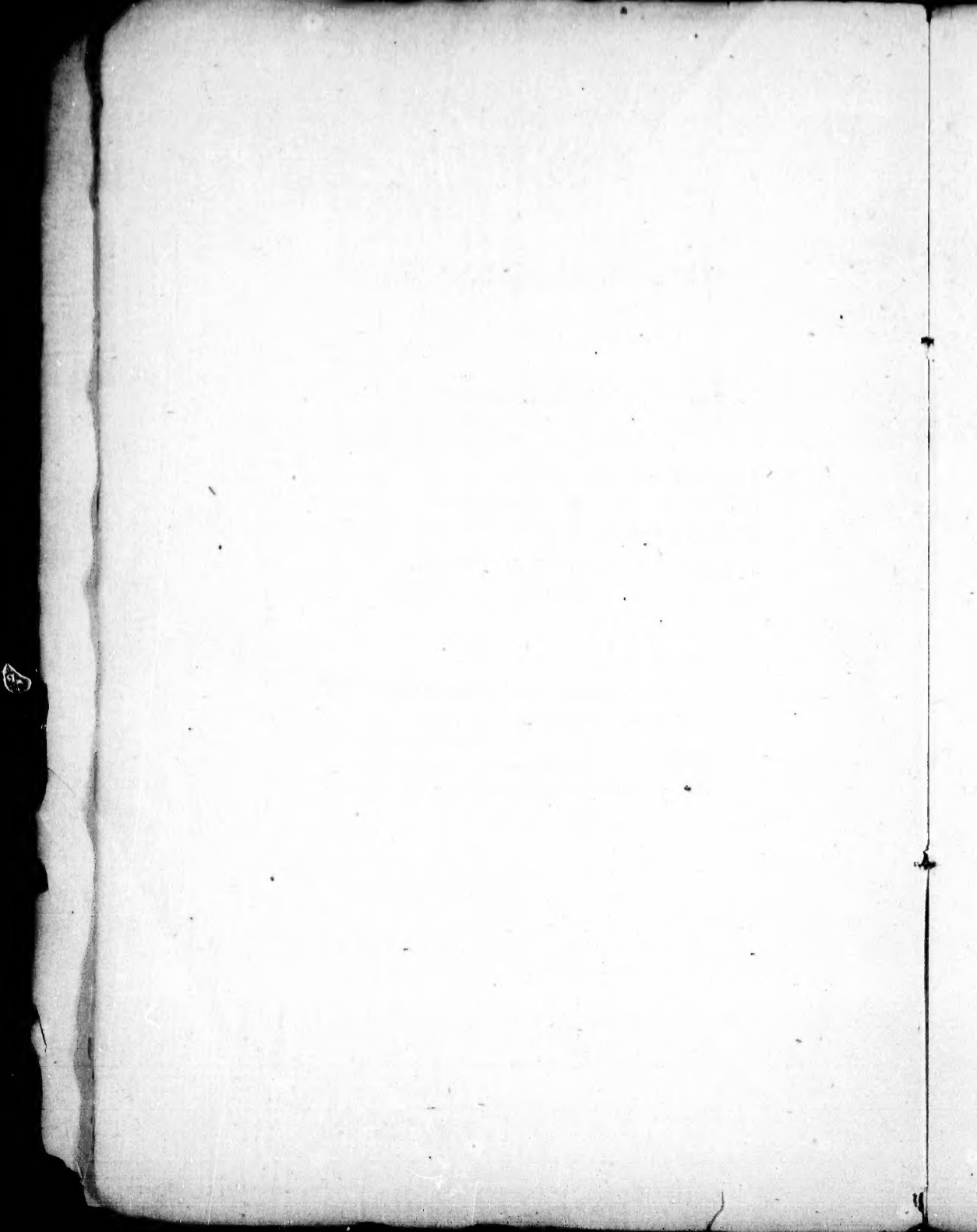
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Hans Breitmann's 'Barty.'

HANS BREITMANN gif a barty ;
Dey hat biano-blayin',
I fell'd in luf mit a 'Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar ash prown ash a pretzel,
Her eyes vas himmel-plue,
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in doo.

Hans Breitman gif a barty,
I vent dere, you'll be pound ;
I valtz't mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' roundt und roundt.
Der pootiest Fraulein in der hause,
She vayed 'pout doo hoondred poundt,
Und efery dime she gif a shoomp
She make der vindere sound.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty,
I dells you, it cosht him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager peer.
Und venefer dey knocks der shpicket in
Der Deutschers gifs a cheer ;
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty ;
 Dere all vash Souse undt Brouse.
 Ven der sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demselves to house ;
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy-broost,
 Der Bratwurst und Braten vine,
 Undt vash der Abendessen down
 Mit vour parrels ov Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty ;
 Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.
 I poot mine mout' to a parrel of peer
 Undt emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
 Und den I giss'd Madilda.Yane
 Und she schlog me on ker kop,
 Und der gompany vighted mit duple-lecks
 Dill der coonshtable mate oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—
 Where ish dat barty now ?
 Where ish der luffy colden gloud
 Dat float on der moundain's prow ?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—
 De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
 All gon'd afay mit der lager-peer—
 Afay in de ewigkeit !

Breitmann and the 'Turners.'

(THE GYMNASTIC SOCIETY.)

HANS BREITMANN choined de Turners,
Nofember in de fall,
Und dey gif't a boostin' bender
All in de Turner Hall.
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein
Mit der Liederlich Apfel Chor,
Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed
on de fifes
Till dey couldn't refife no more.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,
Dey all set oop some shouts,
Dey took'd him into dair Turner Hall,
Und poots him droo a course of shprouts,
Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars
Und shtands him oop on his head,
Und dey poomps de peer mit an enchine hose
In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead!

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners;
Dey make shimnastig dricks
He stoot on de middle of de floor,
Und put oop a fify-six.
Und den de drows it to de roof,
Und schwig off a treadful trink :
De veight coom toomple pack on his headt,
Und py shinks ! he didn't vink !

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners :—

Mein Gott ! how dey drinked und shwore !
 Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,
 Und Bavarians by de score.
 Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,
 Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,
 Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,
 Und *he* vas a *Holstein Dane*.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners,

Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;
 Ven he oben de pox it schmell so loudt
 It knock de musik doomb.
 Ven de Deutschers kit de vlayour,
 It coorl de haar on deir head ;
 Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere ;
 Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners ;

De ladies coomed in to see ;
 Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,
 All in der gal-lerie.
 Dey ashk : ' Vhere ish der Breitmann ?'
 Und dey dremple mit awe und fear
 Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,
 A-trinkin' lager-peer.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners :—

I dells you vot, py tam !
 Dey sings de great Urbummel-lied :
 De holy Sharman psalm.
 Und vhen dey kits to de gorus
 You ought to hear dem dramp !
 It scared der Teufel down below
 To hear dem Dootchmen schtamp.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners :—

By Donner ! it vas crandt,
 Ven de whole of dem goes a-valkin'
 Und dancin' on deir hand,
 Mit de veet all vavin' in de air,
 Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !
 Dill der Breitmann vall und dey all co town
 Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann choined de Turners :—

Dey lay dere in a heap,
 Und slept dill de early sonnen-shine
 Come in at de vindow creep;
 Und de preeze it vake them from deir tream,
 Und dey go to kit deir veed :
 Here hat dis song an Erde—
 Das ist DAS BREITMANNSLIED.

Breitmann in Battle.

*'Tunc tapfre Ausfuhrere Streitum et rittris dignum
potuere erjagere lobum.'*

DER FADER UNDT DER SON.

I DINKS I'll co a-vightin'—outshpoke der Breitemann,
'It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy-eight since I kits swordt in handt;
Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf been,
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin' in.

'If you go land out-ridin',' said Caspar Pickle-tongue,
'Foost ding you knows you cooms agross some repels prave und young,
Avay town Sout' in Tixey, dey'll schplit you like a clam'—
'For dat,' spoke out der Breitmann, 'I doos not gare one tam !

'Who der Teufel pe's de repels, undt vhere dey kits dair sass,
If dey make a roon on Breitmann he'll soon let out der gas;
I'll shplit dem like kartoffells : I'll shlog em on de kop;
I'll set de plackguarts roonin' so dey von't know vheres to shtop.'

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger
py his side :

' Forvarts, my pully landmen ! it's dime to roon undt
ride ;

Vill ridin', vill vightin'—der Copitain I'll pe,
It's sporn undt horn undt saddle now—all in der
Cavallrie !

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to pe
seen,

Dere coom't some repel cavallrie a-ridin' on der
creen ;

Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—ein colonel in gom-
mand :

Says he, ' Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein
Faaderland ?

' You're dressed oop like a shentlemann mit your
plackguart Yankee grew,

You mudsills und meganics ! Der Teufel put you
droo !

Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und dake your
liddle horn,

Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse'—der Breitmann
laugh mit shkorn.

' Und should I trink mein lager-peer und roost mine
self to home ?

I'fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat' my
thoom :

In many a fray und vierce foray dis Dootchman will
be feared

Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—'twas dere he
grayed his peard.'

'I pools dat peard out by de roots—I gifs him sooch
 a dwist
 Dill all de plood roons out, you tamn'd old Apoli-
 tionist !
 Your creenpacks mit your swordt und vatch right
 ofer you moost shell,
 Und den you goes to Libby shtraight—and after
 dat to h—ll !'

'Mein creenpacks und mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in
 New York,
 To gif dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de
 talk ;'
 De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und gross't deir
 sabres dwice't,
 Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig
 ding on ice.

Der younker fetch der oldter sooch a gottallmachty
 schmack
 Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go
 shplit und crack ;
 Der repel shoumps dwelf paces pack, und so he safe
 his life :
 Der Breitmann says : 'I guess dem shoumps you
 learns dem of your vife.'

'If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,
 Bei Cott I am a shendlemann, aristograt, und game.
 My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—
 Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I'll shplit your
 vaggin' tongue !'

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt gray-pearded man—

For ash de repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat swordt he ran.

All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms oldt Breitmann pound,

Und sehlinged him down oopon his pack und laidt him on der ground.

'Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep vite—if he can,

Say, vot you dinks of vightin' now, mit dis old shendlemann?

Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your briest vill pe;

Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas? If so, I lets you free.'

'I don't know nix apout ideas—no more dan 'pout Saint Paul,

Since I fe peen down in Tixey I kits no books at all; I'm greener ash de clofer-grass; I'm shtupid ash a shpoon;

I'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune*.'

'Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,

She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;

Dey say he leaft some broperty—berhaps 'tvas all a sell—

If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty vell.

'Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit' und kin?

Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?

Der Brietmann pooled his hand-shoe off und shookt him py de handt;

'Ve'll haf some trinks on strengt' of dis—or else may I pe tamn'd!

'Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop,' der younger Breitmann said;

'I'd den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mine own headt!

'Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit a blaster;

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tisserder.'

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper-tide,

Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did ride.

Vot years der Breitmann on his hat? 'De ploom of fictory!

Who's dat a-ridin' py his side? 'Dis here's mein son,' says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann* oop!—how lordly he kit down!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he trink de peer so prawn!

But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at one.

'Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I know dou art mein son!'

Der one has cot a fader ; de oder foundt a schild.
Bofe ride oopon one war-bath now in pattle vierce
und fild.

It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so
succeed—

Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S
LIED.

Breitmann in Maryland.

DER Breitmann mit his gompany,
Rode out in Marylandt.
'Dere's nix to trink in dis countrie ;
Mine droat's as dry as sand.
It's light canteen und haversack,
It's hoonger mixed mit doorst ;
Und if ve had some lager-peer
I'd trink oontil I boorst.
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve'd trink oontil ve boorst.

Herr Leutd'nant, take a dozen men,
Und ride dis landt around !
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin'
Dill somedings goot ish found.
Gotts-donder ! men, go ploonder !
Ve hafn't trinked a pit
Dis fourdeen hours ! If I had peer
I'd sauf oontil I shplit !
Gling, glang, gloria !
Ve'd sauf oontil ve shplit !

Ad mitternacht a horse's hoofs
 Goom raddlin' droo de gamp;
 Rouse dere!—coom rouse der house dere!
 Herr Copitain—ve moost tromp!
 Der scouds haf foundt a repel town,
 Mit repel davern near,
 A repel keller in de cround,
 Mit repel lager-peer!
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 All fool of lager-peer!

Gottsdonnerkreuzschoeckschwerenoth!
 How Breitmann broked de bush!
 O let me see da' lager-peer!
 O let me at him rush!
 Und is mein zabre sharp und true,
 Und is mein var-horse goot?
 To get one quart of lager-peer
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.

Funf hoonderd repels hold de down,
 One hoonderd strong are ve;
 Who gares a tam for all de odds
 Vhen men so dirsty pe?
 Und in dey smashed und down dey crashed,
 Like donder-polts dey fly,
 Rush fort as der vild yager cooms
 Mit blitzen droo de shky.
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flew to rite, how flew to left,
 De moundains, drees, und hedge!
 How left und rite de yager-corps
 Vent donderin' droo de pridge!
 Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream
 Vere not some pridges pe:
 All dripplin' in de moonlight peam
 Stracks vent de cavallrie.
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,
 Oonheedin' vet or try;
 Und horse und rider shnort und blowed,
 Und shparklin' bepples fly.
 Ropp! Ropp! I shmell de parley-prew!
 Dere's somedings goot ish near.
 Ropp! Ropp!—I scent de kneiperei;
 Ve've cot to lager-peer!
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 Ve've cot to lager-peer!

Hei! how de carpine pullets klined
 Oopon de helmets hart!
 Oh, Breitmann—how dy zabre ringed;
 Du alter Knasterbart!
 De contrapands dey sing for choy
 To see der rebs co town,
 Und hear der Breitmann crimly gry:
 Hoorah!—ve've dook de down.
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 Victoria, Victoria!
 De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout und crash und zabre vash,
 Und vild husaren shout
 De Dootahmen boorst de keller in,
 Und rollt der lager out;
 And in de coorlin' powder shmoke,
 Vile shtill der pullets sung,
 Dere shtood der Breitmann, axe in handt,
 A-knockin' out der boong.
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 Victoria! Encoria!
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts! vot a shpree der Breitmann had
 While yet his hand was red,
 A-trinkin' lager from his poots
 Among de repel tead.
 'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight
 Along der moundain side;
 'Tvas dus dey help 'make history!'
 Dis vas der Brietmann's ride.
 Gling, glang, gloria!
 Victoria! Victoria!
 Cer'visia, encoria?
 De treadful midnight ride
 Of Breitmann's vildt Freischarlinger,
 All vamous, proad, und vide.

Breitmann as a "Bummer."

DER Sheneral Sherman holts oop on his coorse,
He shtops ad de gross-road und reins in his
horse.

'Dere's a ford on der rifer dis day ve moost dake,
Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak!'

Ven shoost ash dis vord vrom his lips hat cone bast,
Dere coom't a young orterly gallopin' vast,
Who gry mit amazement: 'Here, Shen'ral! Goot
Lord!

Dat Bummer, der Breitmann, ish holdin' der ford!'

Der Shen'ral he ootered no hymn und no psalm,
Bout opened his lips und he priefly say, 'D——n!
Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer;
To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver;

But now dat dey holdt it, ride quick to deir aid:
Ho, Sickles! moof promp'ly, sendt town a prigate!
Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hardt mit ish
sword

If againsd a whole army he holdt to de ford.'

Dey spooored on, dey hoory'd on, gallopin' shtraight,
 But vor Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too
 late,

Vor as de Lauwine goes smash mit her pound,
 So on to de Bummers de repels coom down :

Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,
 Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad ;
 Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vordt,
 But shoost '*Mutter Gottes* !' und died in de ford.

Itsch'l, of Innspruck, ish drilled droo de hair,
 Einer aus Bœblingen—he, doo, vash dere—
 Karl, of Karlsruh, is shot near de fence,
 (His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens.)

Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal vought,
 Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero—vash
 gaught ;
 Und de last dings ve saw, he vas died mit a gord,
 Vor de repels hat goppled him oop at de vord.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,
 Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits ;
 But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und
 bet
 Dat Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.

' He has more on ish pipe ash dem vellers allows ;
 He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,
 Dey'll find dat dey dook in der Teufel to poard,
 De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford.

In de Bowery each bier-haus mit crape vas oopdone,
Vhen dey read in de babers dat Breitmann vas cone;
Und der Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein;
At de great Trauer-fest of de Turner-Verein.

Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink
Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more trink.
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas hoor'd,
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.

SECOND PART.

In dulce jubilo now ve all sings,
A-vaifin de panners like efery dings.
De preeze droo de bine-trees is cooler und salt,
Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt;
Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,
Lustig und heiter he looks droo de drees,
Lustig und heiter ash vell he may pe,
For Sherman, at last, has march't down to de sea!

Dere's a gry from de guard—dere's a clotter und
dramp,
Ven dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp,
Who report on de ford. Dere ish druples und awe
In de face of de youf, apout somedings he saw;
Und he shpeak me in Fraentsch, like he always do:
'Look!
Sagre pleu! fentre-Tieu—der ish Breitmann—his
spook!
He ish goming dis vay! *Nom de gare!* can it pe
Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea!

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,
For risin' all schwart on de efenin' red
Vas Johannes—der Breitmann—der war es, bei Gott!
Coom ridin' to oos-ward, right shtraight to de shpot!
All mouse-schtille ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin'
hearts,
For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de Hartz;
Und I heard de Sout'-Deuschers say, 'Ave Morie!
Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea!'

Boot Itzig, of Frankfort, he lift oop his nose,
 Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his
 clothes,
 For he zeemed like an Generalissimus drest
 In a vlamin' new coat und magnificent vest.
 Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,
 Und a cold-mounded swordt like a Kaiser he bore,
 Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—
 Moosht haf proken some panks on his vay to de sea.

'Id is he!' '*Und er lebt noch!*'—he lifs, ve all say:
 Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann!—Hans Breit-
 mann! '*Herr Je!*'
 Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find
 Dat verefer he'd peen, he'd left noding behind.
 In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,
 Mit creen-packs stoof-full all his haversack jammed,
 In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons
 Mit doo doozen vatches und four doozen shpoons,
 Und doo silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,
 Der ghosdt haf pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,
 Ve makes him a sooper of efery-dings nice.
 Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,
 Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.
 Den 'tvas 'here's to you, Breitmann! Alt Schwed—
bist zuruck?
 Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights
 veek?
 Und ve holds von shtupendous und derriple shpree
 For choy dat der Breitmann has cot to de sea.

But in fain did ve ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,
 Vot he tid; vot he bass droo—or vot he might seen;
 Vere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem woons,
 Und how Providence plessed him mit tea-pods und
 shpoons?

For to all of dem queeries he only reblied,
 'If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies!'
 So 'tvas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe,
 Vere he kits all dat bloonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies,
 How Sherman's grand armee haf raise deir soopies:
 For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant
 Say de Bummers haf only shoost take vat dey vant.
 But 'tis vispered dat vile a refolfer'll go round,
 Der BREITMANN vill nefer a-peggin' be found;
 Or shtarvin' ash bris'ner—by doonder!—not he,
 Vile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

Breitmann in Kansas.

VONCE oopon a dimes, goot while afder der Var vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud Vest, drafellin' apout like efery-dings—'circuivit terram et perambulavit eam,' ash der Teufel said ven dey ask him: 'How vash you und how you has peen?'

Von efening he vas drafel mit some ladiesh und shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey sing'd songs, dill py-und-py one of de ladiesh say: 'Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of Hans Breitmann's Barty?' Den Hans say: "*Ecce Gallus!*" I am dat rooster! Den der Hans dook a trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, und goes indo himself a little dimes, und den coomes out again mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
He drafel vast und var.
He rided shoost drei dousand miles
All in von rail-roat car.
He knowed foost-rate how far he goed—
He counted all de vile,
He shoost one pottle of champagne,
He topped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
 I tell you vot, my poy,
 You bet dey hat a pully dimes
 In crossin' Illinoy.
 Dey shpeaked deir shpeaks to all de volk
 A-shtandin' in de car;
 Den ashk dem in do dake a trink,
 Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
 By shings! dey did it prown.
 Vhen he got into Leafenvort,
 He found himself in town.
 Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,
 Moor goot as man could dink;
 Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,
Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;
 He vent it on de loud.
 At Ellsvort', in de prairie land,
 He foundt a pully crowd.
 He looked for bleedin' Kansas,
 But dat's 'blayed out,' dey say;
 De vhiskey-keg's de only dings
 Dat's bleedin' here to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,
 To see vot he couldt hear.
 He foundt some Deutschers dat exisdt
 Py makin' lager-peer.
 Says he: '*Wie gehts, du Alt Gesell?*'
 But nodings could be heard;
 Dey'd growed so fat in Kansas
 Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 Py shings ! I-dell you vot,
 Von day he met a crisly bear
 Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott !*
 Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear,
 Und bleased him fery much—
 For efery vordt der crisly growled
 Vas goot Bavarian Dutch !

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 By doonder dat is so !
 He ridet oot upon de blains
 To shase de boofalo.
 He fired his rifle at de bools,
 Und gallop droo de shmoke,
 Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if
 Der teufel vas a choke !

It's hey de trail to Santa Fé ;
 It's ho ! agross de blain ;
 It's lope along de Denver Road,
 Until ve toorn again,
 Und de railroad drafel after us
 Apout as quick as ve ;
 Dis Kansas ish de vastest land
 Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
 He haf a pully dime ;
 But 'tvas in old Missouri
 Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.
 Dey took him to der Bilot Knob,
 Und all der knobs around ;
 Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him
 Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;
Droo all dis earthly land,
A-vorkin' out life's mission here
Soobyectify und grand.
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,
Some vorks philosophie ;
Der Breitmann solf de infinide
Ash von eternal shpree !

SHTORY APOUT

Schnitzerl's Philosopede,

HERR Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
Von of der newest kindt ;
It vent mitout a vheel in vront,
Und hadn't none pehind.
Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,
Und it vent as sure as ecks,
Vor he shtraddled on de axel dree
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off
He paddlet mit his veet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast
Dat avery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shreet,
He shkeeted like de vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy traps,
Und lef dem all pehind!

De vellers mit de trotting nags
Pooled oop to see him bass :
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt :
'Potztausend! Was ist das?'
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flowed
On—mit a gashtly smile;
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eartly pliss?
 Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
 Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
 Und vot ish habbiness?
 Ve find a pank note in the shtreedt,
 Next dings der pank ish preak;
 Ve falls, und knocks our outsides in,
 Ven ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein
 On his philosopede;
 His feet both shlippid outsideward shoost
 Ven at his extra shpede.
 He felled oopen der vheel of coorse;
 De vheel like blitzen flew;
 Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,
 Vor id slished hid him guide in two.

Und as for his philosopede,
 Id cot so shkared, men say,
 It pounded onward till it vent
 Ganz teufelwards afay,
 Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?
 Vhere dos his shbirit pide?
 In Himmel troo de endless plue.
 It takes a medeor ride.

Ballad of the Mermaid.

BY HANS BREITMANN.

DER noble Ritter Hugo
Von Schwillensau fenstein,
Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a meer-maid,
Vot hadn't got nodings on,
Und she say, 'Oh, Ritter Hugo,
Where you goes mit yourself alone?'

Und he says, 'I rides in de greenwood,
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
Till I gooms into ein Gasthaus,
Und dere I trinks some peer.'

Und den outspoke de maiden
Vot hadn't got nodings on:
'I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

'You'd petter coom down in de wasser,
Where dere's heaps of dings to see,
Und haf a shplendid tinner
Und drafel along mit me.

‘Dere you see; de fisch a-schwimmin’
 Und you catches dem efery one:’—
 So sang dis wasser maiden
 Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

‘Dere ish drunks all full mit money
 In ships dat vent down of old;
 Und you helpsh yourself, by doonder!
 To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

‘Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!
 Shoost see dese diamant rings!
 Goom down und vill your bockets,
 Und I’ll giss you like efery dings.

‘Vot you vantsh mit your schnaps und lager?
 Coom down into der Rhine!
 Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne
 Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell-pound!
 She pooled his coat-tails down,
 She drawed him oonder der wasser,
 De maiden mit nodings on.

Die Schœne Wittwe.

(DE POOTY VIDDER.)

I. Vot de Yankee Chap Sung.

DAT pooty liddle vidder
Vot ve doshn't vish to name,
Ish still leben on dat liddle shstreet,
A-doin' shoost de same.
De glerks aroundt de gorners
Somedimes goes round to zee
How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,
Und ask 'er how she pe.
Dey lufs her ver' goot liquoor,
Dey lufs her liddle shtore ;
Dey lufs her little paby,
But dey lufs die vidder more.
To dalk mit dat shveet vidder,
Ven she hands das lager round,
Vill make der shap dat does id
Pe happy, ve'll be pound.
Dat ish, if we can vell pelieve
De glerks vat drinks das pier,
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,
Put simply vor to zee her.

II. How der Breitmann cut him out.

OH, yes, I know die wittwe,
 Mit eyes so prite und proun!
 She's de allerschönste wittwe
 Vot lif in dis here down.

In her plack silk gown—mine grashious—

All puttoned to de neck—

Und a pooty liddle collar,

Mitout a shpot or speck.

Ho! clear de drack, you oder *fraus*—

You gan't pekin to shine

Vhen de lufly vidder cooms along—

Dis vidder ash ish mine!

Ho! clear de drack you Yankee shaps,

You Englishers und sooch.

You can't pekin to coot me out,

Mitout you dalks in Dootch.

Ich hab die schœne wittwe

Schon lange nit gesehen,

Ich sah sie gestern Abend

Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.

Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut,

Die Augen hell und klar.

Ich hab sie sechsmal auch gekusst—

Potztausend! das ist wahr.

TRANSLATION.

I had not seen the pretty widow
For a long time ;
But last evening I saw her,
Standing gracefully behind the counter.
Her cheeks were as pure and ruddy
As milk and blood could make them.
Her eyes were beautifully bright and clear.
Did I give her as many as *six* kisses ?
Upon my word, I believe I did !

Hans Breitmann About Town

AND OTHER BALLADS.

BY

CHARLES G. FELAND.

Second Series of the Breitmann Ballads.

TORONTO, ONT.

1870.

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Breitmann about Town.

DER Schwackenhammer coom to down,
Pefore de Fall vas past,
Und by der Breitmann drawed he in
Ash dreimals honored gast.
Led's see de sighdts! In self und worldt,—
Dere's "sighdts" for him, to see,
Who Selbstanschauungsvermægen hat,
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,
Und dere dey vound em blayin'.
Of Offenbach, (der *open brook*,)
His show spiel Belle Helène.
"Dere's Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach,—
Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree:
I always likes soosh *brooks* ash dese,"
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,
Vhich Mishder Astor bilt:
Some pooks vere only *en brochure*,
Und some vere pound und gilt.
"Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,
Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,
De pest tressed vellers gilt de most:"—
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edider,
 Who'd shanged his flag und doon,
 Und crowed oopon der oder side,
 Dat very aflernoon.

"De anciends vorshipped wetter-cocks,
 To wetter *fanes* pent de knee ;
 Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow !"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented py a panker's hause,
 Und Schwackenhammer shvore,
 Id only vant a pig *red shield*
 Hoong oop pefore de toor ;
 One side of red, one side of gold,
 Like de knighd's in hisdorie—
 "De schildern of dat schild is rich,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,
 Of frames wort' many a cent,
 De broberety of a shendleman,
 Who oonto Europe vent.
 "Dont gry—he'll soon pe pack again
 Mit anoder gallerie :
 He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,
 To see his furnidure,
 Sold oud at auedion rite afay,
 Berembdory und sure.
 "He geepts six houses all at vonce
 Each veek a sale dere pe,
 Gotts ! vat a dime his vife moost hafe !" →
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,
 Long dimes dey roamed apout,
 Von veller had a pran new sort,
 De fery latest out.

"Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself
 De shmell is holdt to me;
 De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,
 De prandy make dem creep,
 A trop of id's enough to make
 A brazen monkey veep.

"Dey say a viner house ash dis,
 Vill soon go-bildet pe,
 Crate Gott!—vot *can* dey mean to trink?"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,
 Dey saw vrom haus to haus,
 Und gounted oop, 'pout more or less,
 Vive hoondred awful rows.

"If all dese liddle vights dey waste,
 Could *von* crate pattle pe,
 Gotts! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise!"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,
 Who vorship Gott mitt vlowers,
 In hobes he'll lofe dem pack again,
 In winter among de showers.

"Vhen de Pacific railroat's done,
 Dis dings imbrofed vill pe;
 De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of
 De last sensadion shtyle,
 'Twas 'nough to make der teufel weep
 To see his "awful shmile."
 "Vot bities dat der, Fechter ne'er
 Vas in Theologie;
 Dey'd make him pishop in dis shoorsh,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,
 De rowdies cloostered dick,
 Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,
 Und dat infernal quick.
 Der Breitemann draw'd his 'volver oud,
 Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,
 "Id's shoost a-goin' to shdrike six,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedins next,
 Dey hear dem rant and rail,
 Der bresident vas a forger,
 Shoost bardoned oud of jail.
 He does it oud of cratitood,
 To dem who set him vree:
 "Id's Harmonie of Inderesds,"—
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyard witch,
 A plack-eyed, handsome maid;
 She wahrsagt all der vortunes—denn
 "Fife dollars, gents!" she said.
 "Dese vitches are nod of dis eart',
 Und yed are *on id*, I see;
 Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,
 Der vaiter coot a dash ;
 He garfed a shicken in a vink,
 Und serfed id at a vlash.
 "Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot,
 Und roon mit poultererie,
 He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman's Righds,
 Vere laties all agrees,
 De gals should pe de voters,
 Und deir beaux all de votées.
 "For efery man dat nefer vorks,
 Von frau should vranchised pe :
 Dat ish de vay I solf dis ding,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,
 'Tvas like a roarin rifer,
 De sighds vas here—de sighds vas dere—
 Und de vorldt vent on forefer.
 "De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,
 Dis vorldt a derwisch pe ;
 Das Werden's all von whirling droonk,"
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Schnitzerl's Philosopede.

PARDT SECONDT.

VEN Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl
Vas quarderred into dwo,
Und how his crate philosopede
To 'm teufel had gone flew;
He dinked and dinked so heafy
As only Deuschers can,
Denn saidt, "Who mighdt beliefet
Dis ish de ent of man?"

"De human souls of beoples
Exisdt in deir ideés,
Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl
Mighdt dravel many vays.
In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*
Der Fichte makes peliefe
Dat ve brogress oón-endly
In vot pehind we leafe.

"De shbarrow falls ground-downwarts,
Or drafels to de West;
De shbarrows dat coom afder
Bild shoost de same oldt nest.
Man hat not vings or fedders,
Und, in oder dings, 'tis saidt,
He tont coom oop to shbarrows;
Boot on nests he goes ahét.

" O vliest dou troo bornin worlids
 Und nebulozer foam,
 By monsdrous mitnight shiant forms
 Or vhere red tyfels roam ;
 Or vhere de chosts of shky rackets
 Peyond creadion flee ?
 Where'er dou art, oh Schnitzerlein !
 Crate saint ! look down on me !

" Und deach me how you maket
 Dut crate philosopede,
 Vitch roon dwice six mals vaster
 Ash any Arap shteed.
 Und deach me how to 'stonish folk,
 Und knock dem out de shpots ;
 Come pack to eart, oh Schnitzerlein,
 Und pring it down to dots !"

' Shoost ash dis vort vent outvarts
 Hians dinked he see a vlash,
 Und unterwards de doble
 He doomple mit a crash ;
 Und to him, 'moong de glaesses,
 Und pottles ash vas proke,
 Mit his het in a cigar box,
 An foice from Himmel shpoke :

" *Adsum Domine Breitmann !*
 Herr Capitain—here I pe !
 So dell me right *honesté*
Quare inquietasti me ?
Te video inter spoonibus,
Et largis glassis too,
Cerevisia repletis,
Sicut percussus tonitru !"

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl:

"*Coarctor nimis*.—See!

Siquidem Philistiim

Pugnant adversum me.

Ergo vocavi te,

Ash Saul *vocavi* Samuel,
ut mi ostenderes

Quid teufel faciam?"

Denn der shpirit, in Lateinisch,

Saidt, "*Bene*—dat's de dalk!

Non habes in hoc shanty

A shingle *et* some chalk?

Non video inkum et calamos:

(I shbose some bummer shdole 'em):

Levate oculos tuos, son

Et aspice ad linteolum!"

Denn Breitmann see de chalk-piece

Vitch riset from de floor,

Und signet a philosopede

Alone oopon de toor;

De von dat Schnitzerl fabricate,

Und oonderneat he see:

Probaté inter equites:

"Try dis in de cavallrie."

Denn Breitmann shtoot ooprightly

Und leanet on a bost,

Und saidt: "If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen

It vouldt mightt peen a chost!

Boot if it pe nouomenon,

Phenomenoned indeed,

Or de soobyective obyectified,

I'fe cot de philosopede."

Denn out he seekt a plack schmidt,
 Ash vork in iron shteel;
 To make him a philosopede
 Mit shoost an only vheel.
 De dings vas maket simple,
 Ash all crate ideés should pe;
 For 'twas noding boot a gart vheel
 Mit a two veet achsel-dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple *
 In learnin for to ride,
 Vas ofdener ash de sand grains
 Dat rollen in de tide.
 De dimes he cot oopsetted
 In shdeerin lefdt und righdt,
 Vas ofdener ash de cleamin shdars
 Dat shtud de shky py ni ghdt.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures
 In dis von vheel horse, you bet;
 Ish dat man couldt go so nicely
 Pefore he got oopset :
 Some dimes he go like plazes
 Und toorn her, extra-fein,
 Und denn shlop ofer—dis is vhat
 Hafe killed der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples as der Breitmann hafe
 To make dis 'vention go,
 Vas nefer seen py mordal man
 Oopon dis vorltd pelow.
 He doompled righdt, he doompled lefdt,
 He hafe a tousand toomps,
 Der nefer vas a gricket-ball
 Vot got soosh 'fernal boomps.

Boot ash he shvear't he'd do it,
 He shvore id should pe done,
 Dough he schimpft und fluchte laesterlich,
 He visht he'd ne'er pegun.
Mit Hagel! Blitz! Kreuzsakrament!
 He maket de houser ring,
 Und hoped de Schnitzerl pe verdammt
 For deachin him dis ding.

Nun—goot! Ad last he got it,
 Und peaudifool he goed,
 Dis day, saidt he, "I'll 'stonish folk
 A ridin on de road;
 Dis day, py shinks, I'll do it!
 Und knock dings out of sight!"
 Ach weh! for Breitmann dat day
 Vas not pe-markt mit white.

De noompers of de Deutsche folk
 Dat coom dis feat to see,
 I dink in soper earnest-hood
 Might not ge-reckonet pe.
 For miles dey shtood along de road,
 Mein Gott! but dey vas dry;
 Dey trinked den lager-beer sheps oop,
 Pefore der Hans coom py.

When all at vonce drementous gries
 De fery country shook;
 Und beoples shkreemt: "*Da ist er! Schau!*
 Dere ish der Breitmann!—Look!"
 Mein Gott! vas efer soosh a shoudt?
 Vas efer soosh a gry?
 Ven like a brick-bat in a vight,
 Der Breitemann roosh py.

O mordal man! Vy ish id, dow
 Hast passion to go vast?
 Vy ish id dat de tog und horse
 Likes shbeed too quick to last?
 De pugs, de birds, de pumple-pees,
 Und all dat ish, 'twould seem,
 Ish nefer hoppy boot, exsept
 When pilin on de shteam.

Der Breitmann flew! Von mighdy gry,
 Ash he vent scootin bast,
 Von derriple, drementous yell—
 Dat day de virst—and last.
 Vot ha! vot ho! Vy ish id dus?
 Vot makes dem shdare aghast?
 Vy cooms dat vail of wild tespair?
 Ish somedings got gesmasht?

Yea—efen so. Yea, ferily—
 Shbeak, soul! It is dy biz!
 Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along,
 Dey fairly heard him whizz.
 Ven shoost oopon a hill-top point
 It caught a pranch ge-pent,
 Und like an opple vrom a svitch,
 Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent troo de air a hoondert feet,
 (Allowin more or less)—
 Denn *pobb—pobb—pobb*—a mile or dwo,
 He rollet along—I guess.
 Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball
 Half shpent, shtill poundin on;
 Like made of gummi-lasticum?
 So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him up—dey pring him in—
 No wort der Breitmann shpoke.
 Der doktor look—he shvear erstaunt
 Dat nodings ish peen proke !
 He rollet de rocky road entlong,
 He pouncet o'er shtock und shtone ?
 You'd dink he'd knocked his outsides in,
 Yet nefer break a pone !

All shtill Hans lay—bevilderfied—
 Nor seemet to mind de shaps,
 Nor moofed, oontil der medicus
 Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.
 De schmell voke oop de boetry
 Of tays ven he vas young,
 Und he murmulde de frogmends
 Of an sad romandie song :

“ As summer pring de roses,
 Und roses pring de dew,
 So Deutschland gifes de maidens
 Vot fetch de bier to you.
 Komm Maidlein ! Rothe Wænglein !
 Mit a wein glass in your paw !
 Ve'll ged troonk amoong de roses
 Und lie soper on de shdraw !

“ As winter prings de ice-wind,
 Dat plow o'er burg und hill,
 Hard times pring in de lantlord,
 Und de lantlord pring de bill.
 Boot sing Maidlein ! Rothe Wænglein !
 Mit wein glass in your paw !
 Ve'll ged troonk amoong de roses,
 Und lie soper on de shdraw !”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,
 Boot efer on de vay,
 He nefer shbeaket no man,
 Und noding else could say :
 Boot—"Maidlein! Rothe Wænglein!
 Mit wein glass in her paw,
 Ve'll ged troonk amoong de roses,
 Und lie soper on de shdraw!"

Dey laid der Hans im Bette,
 Peneat de eider-doun,
 Und sempled all de doktors
 Vot doktored in de town.
 Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,
 For Breitmann alfays says,
 De Deutschers ish de onlies
 Mit originell idées.

Dere vas Doktor Moritz Schlinskenschlog,
 Dat vork ash caféopath,
 Und der learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,
 Dat use de milchy bath ;
 Und Korschalitschky aus Boehmen,
 Vot cure mit slibovitz,
 Und Wechselbalg from Berlin,
 Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Strobbich aus Westfalen
 Who mofe all eart'ly ills
 Mit concentrirter schinken juice,
 Und Pumpernickel pills ;
 Und a bier-kur man from Munich,
 Und a grape-curist from Rhein,
 Und von who shkare tiscase afay
 Mit dose of Schlesier wein.

So dey meed in consouldation
 Mit Doktor Winkleck,
 Who brackdise "renovation"
 Mit sauerkraut und speck.
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet
 Or treatet ash a tunce,
 Dey 'greed to try deir systems
 Oopon Breitmann all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de excepdion,
 Of gifin Schlesier wein;
 For de remedy vas danger-full
 On von who trink from Rhine.
 Ash der teufel once declaret
 Ven he taste it on a shpree,
 Dat a man to trink soosh liquor
 Moost a born Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,
 Und woonderfool to dell,
 He coomed to his gesundheit,
 Und pooty soon cot vell,
 Some hinted at *Natura*
 Mit de oldt *vis sanatrix*,
 Boot each doktor shvore *he* cured him,
 Und de rest were Taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann
 More newly has pegun,
 Boot dey say he dalks day-daily
 Mit Dana of de *Sun*.
 Dey dalk in Deutsch togeder,
 Und volk say de ent vill pe
 Philosopedal changes
 In de Union cavallrie.

Gott help de howlin safrage !
Gott help de Indi-an !
Shouldt Breitmann choin his forces
Mit Sheneral Sheridan.
Und denn to sing his braises
Acain I'll gife a lied—
Hier hat dis dale an ende
Of Brietmann's philosopede.

A Ballad apout de Rowdies.

DE moon shines ofer de cloudlens,
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,
Und I vent to Coney Island,
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.
Mine Schatz, Katrina Bauer,
I gife her mein heart und vordt;
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples
De Dampsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,
We looket at de town
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,
Und wetter-fanes doornin round.
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner
Und dropled nopody dere,
Ven all aroundt oos de rowdies
Peginned to plackguard und shvear!

A voman mit a papy
Vas sittin in de blace,
Von tocket a chew tobacco
Und trowed it indo her vace.
De voman got convulshons,
De papy pegin to gry;
Und de rowdies shkreemed out a laffin.
Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."

Pimepy ve become some hoonger
 Katrina Bauer und I,
 I openet de lit of mine pasket,
 Und pringed out a cherry bie.
 A cherry kooken mit pretzels,
 "How goot!" Katrina said,
 Ven a rowdy snatched it from her,
 Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dolls him he be a plackguart
 I gifed him a biece my mind,
 I wouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,
 Mit der teufel himself pehind.
 Denn he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,
 Und peats me plack and plue;
 Und all de plackguards kick me,
 Dill I vainted, and dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples
 Don't know how de rowdies shtrike
 De poor hardt-workin Sherman,
 He knows it more ash he like.
 If de Deutsche sheakers und bapers
 Are sometimes too hard on dis land,
 Shoost dink how de Deutsche kit driven
 Along by de rowdy's hand!

Wein Geist.

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,
Und I rooshed along de Strassen,
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,
I doompled de soper folk;
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,
Like a vild coose on de vings,
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin,
Und giss her like afery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a shdore-box,
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,
Dill de neighbors shkreem "deat'!" und
"murder!"
Und holler aloudt "bolice?"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,
I oop mit mein oombrella,
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,
 De hearts-leaf linden dree ;
 Und I dink of de quick ge-vanisht lofe
 Dat vent like de vind from me.
 Und I voonders in mine dipsy hood,
 If a damsel or dream vas she !

Dis life ish all a lindens
 Mit holes dat show de Plue ;
 Und pedween de finite pranches,
 Cooms Himmel light shinin troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,
 Und efery leaf ish a fay,
 Und dey vait dill de Windsbraut comet,
 To pear dem in Fall afay.

Und I look at a rock by de rifer,
 Vhere a stein ish of harpe form,
 —Year dausend in, oud, it shtandet—
 Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here vonce on a dimes a vitches,
 Soom melodies here peginned,
 De harpe ward all zu steine,
 Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-cation,
 Vitch hardens de outer Me ;
 Uber stein und schwein, de weine,
 Shdill harps oud a melodie.

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet,
 Ober stein und wein und svines,
 Dill it endet vhere all peginnet,
 Und alles wird ewig zu eins,
 In de dipsy, treamless sloomper
 Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

Breitmann in Politics.

I.—THE NOMINATION.

VHEN ash de var vas ober,
Und Beace her shnow-wice vings,
Vas vafin o'er de coondry
(In shpods) like afery dings;
Und heroes vere revardtet,
De beople all pegan
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings
Vas done for Breitemann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet,
Or where der fore shlog came,
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder,
Dereto a purnin shame:
“Dere is Schnitzerl in de Gustom-House—
Pötzblitz! can dis dings pe?—
Und Breitmann he hafe nodings:
Vot sights is dis to see!

“Nod de virst red cendt for Breitmann!
Ish *dis* do pe de gry
On de man dat sacked de repels
Und trinked dem high and dry?
By meine Seel' I shvears id,
Und vot's more I deglares id's drue,
He vonce gleaned out a down in half an oor,
Und shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

" He was shoost like Kœnig etzel,
 Of whom de shdory dell,
 Der Hun who go for de Romans
 Und gife dem shinin hell ;
 Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow
 Where Etzel's horse had trot,
 Und I really believe vere Breitmann go
 De hops shpring oop, bei Gott !"

If once you tie a dog loose,
 Dere ish more soon gets arount,
 Und wenn dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann,
 It was rings aroom be-foundt ;
 Dough *why* he *moost* hafe somedings
 Vas not by no mean glear,
 Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion,
 On de snap to all abbear !

Und, in faedt, Balthazar Bumchen
 Saidt he couldtent nicht blainly see,
 Vy a veller for gadderin riches
 Shood dus revartedt pe :
 Der Breitmann own drei Houser,
 Mit a wein-handle in a stohr,
 Dazu cin Lager-Wirthschaft,
 Und sonst was—Somedings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense
 Ve couldn't no means shtand,
 From a narrow-mintet shvine's kopf,
 Of our nople captain grand :
 Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit*
 A shentleman deplores ;
 So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*
 Und shmyssed him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann
Shouldt hafe a nomination
To go to de Legisladoor,
To make some dings off de nation;
Mit de helb of a Connedigut man,
In whom ve hafe great hoves,
Who hat shange his bolidie, fivdeen dimes,
Und derefore knew de robes.

II.—The Committee of Instruction.

DENN for our Insdructions Comedy
De ding vas protocollirt,
By Doektor Emsig Grubler,
Who in Jena vonce studiret ;
Und for Breitmann his instrugtions
De Comedy tid say
Dat de All out-going from de Ones
Vash die first Moral Idée.

Und de segondt crate Moral Idée
Dat into him ve rings,
Vas dat government for avery man
Moost alfays do avery dings ;
Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt
Especially ve gall,
Ish to do mitout a Bresident
Und no government at all,

Und die fourt Idée ve vish der Hans
Vouldt alfays keeb in flew,
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool,
Likewise de Goot und Drue ;
Und de form of dis oopright-hood
In proctise to present,
He moost get our little pills all bassed
Mitout id's gostin a cent.

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin
 Ish de cratest ding on eart,
 Und ash Shoopider der Vater
 To Minerfa gife ge-birt'—
 Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos
 All pooblie tockuments
 Vich he can grap or shtéal vill sendt
 Franked—mit his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Moral Idée—
 Since id fery vell ish known
 Dat mind ish de resooldt of food,
 Ash der Moleschott has shown,
 Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott,
 As in Fichte dot' abbear—
 He moost alfays go mit de barty
 Dat go for lager bier.

Now as all dese instrugdions
 Vere showed to Misder Twine,
 De Yangee boledician,
 He say dey vere fery fine :
 Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—
 A tarnal tall concern ;—
 Boot dey hafe some little trawpacks,
 Und in fagdt weren't worth a dern.

Boot yed, mit our bermission,
 If de shentlemans allow—
 Here all der Shermans in de room
 Dake off deir hats und pow—
 He vouldt gife our honored gandidate
 Some nodions of his own,
 Hafing managed some elecdions
 Mit sookcess, as vell vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay,
He'd pet as sure as born,
Dat our mann wouldt not coom out ef
Der liddle endt der horn,
Mit his goot *proad* Sherman shoulders—
Dis maket oos laugh, py shink !
So de comedy shtart for Brietmann's—
Nota bene—afder a trink !

III.—Mr. Twine Explains Being "Sound Upon the Goose."

DERE in his crate corved oaken shtuhl
Der Breitmann sot he ;
He lookt shoest like de shiant
In de Kinder hishdorie ;
Und pefore him, on de tische,
Vas—where mañ alfays foundt it—
Dwelf inches of goot lager,
Mit a Bœmish glass aroundt it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke
He maked no sbeech or sign :
De next remark vas, "*Zapfet aus !*"—
De dird vas, "*Schenket ein !*"
Vhen in coom liddle Gottlieb
Und Trina mit a shtock
Of allerbest Markgræfeler wein—
Dazu dwelf glaeser Bock.

Denn Misder Twine deglare dat he
Vas happy to denounce
Dat as Copdajn Breitmann suited oos
Egsockdly do an ounce,
He vas ged de nomination,
Und need nod more eekshblain :
Der Breitmann dink in silence,
Und denn roar aloudt CHAMPAGNE !

Denn Mishder Twine, while trinken wein,
 Mitwhiles vent on do say,
 Dat long insdruckdions in dis age
 Vere nod de dime of tay;
 Und de only ding der Breitmann need
 To pe of any use,
 Vas shoost to dell to afery mans
He's soundt oopon der coose.

Uud ash dis little frase berhops
 Vas nod do oos bekannt,
 He dakes de liberdy do make
 Dat ve shall oondershtand,
 Und vouldt tell a liddle shdory
 Vitch dook blace pefore de wars:
 Here der Brietmann nod to Trina,
 Und she bass aroundt cigars.

"Id ish a longe dime, now here,
 In Bennsylvanien's Shtate,
 All in der down of Horrisburg
 Dere rosed a vierce depate,
 'Tween vamilies mit cooses,
 Und dose vhere none vere foundt—
 If cooses might, by common law,
 Go squanderin' aroundt?

"Dose who vere nod pe-gifted
 Mit cooses, und vere poor,
 All shvear de law forbid dis crime,
 Py shings, und cerdain sure;
 But de coose-holders teklare a coose
 Greadt liberdy tid need,
 Und to pen dem oop vas gruel,
 Und a mosdt oon-Christian teed.

"Und denn anoder party
 Idself tid soon refeal,
 Of arisdograts who kep'd no coose,
 Pecause 'tvas not shendeel:
 Tey tid not vish de splodderin geese
 Shouldt on deir pafemends bass,
 So dey choined de anti-coosers,
 Or de oonder lower glass!"

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out:

"Dis shdory goes to show
 Dat in poledicks, ash lager,
 . *Virtus in medio.*
 De drecks ish ad de pottom—
 De skoom floods high inteed;
 Boot das bier ish in de mittle,
 Says an goot eld Sherman lied.

"Und shoost apout elecdion-dimes
 De scoom und drecks, ve see,
 Hafe a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft,
 Or elecdion-sympathie."
 "Dis is very vine," says Mishder Twine,
 "Vot here you indroduce:
 Mit your bermission, I'll grack on
 Mit my shdory of de coose.

"A gandertate for sheriff
 De coose-beholders run,
 Who shvear de coose de noblest dings
 Vot valk peneat de sun;
 For de cooses safe de Capidol
 In Rome long dimes ago,
 Und Horrisburg need safin
 Mighty pad, ash all do know.

"Acainsd dis mighdy Coose-man
 Anoder veller rose,
 Who keeptd himself ungomon shtill
 Ven oders came to plows;
 Und if any ask how 'tvas he shtoodt,
 His vriends vouldt vink so loose,
 Und visper ash dey dapped deir nose:
'He's soundt oopon de coose !

"He's O. K. oopon de soobject;
 Shoost pet your pile on dat;
 On dis bartik'ler quesdion
 He intends to coot it fat.'
 So de veller cot elegded
 Pefore de beople foundt
 On *vitch* site of der coose it vas
 He shtick so awful soundt.

"Dis shdory's all I hafe to dell,"
 Says Mishder Hiram Twine;
 "Und I advise Herr Breitmann
 Shoost to vight id on dis line."
 De volk who of dese boledics
 Would oder shapters read,
 Moost waiten for de segondt pardt
 Of dis here Brietmann's Lied.

IV.—How Breitmann and Schmit were Reported to be Log-Rolling.

It happenet in de yar of crace,
Ven all dese dings pegan,
Dat Mishder Schmit, the shap who rooned
Acainsd der Breitemann,
Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine
So moosh dat beoples say
Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—
Gott weiss in vot a vay!

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—
Vitch look shoost like a bruder—
Dat ven Twine vas vork on any side
Der Schmit vas on de oder :
A fery gommon dodge ish dis
Mit de arisdocracie ;
So dat votefer cardt toorns oop,
Id's game for de familie !

Nun, goot! Howefer dis mightd pe,
'Tvas cerdain on dis hit
Der Twine vas do his teufelest
To euchre Mishder Schmit;
Und Schmit, I crieft to say, exclaimed :
"Goll darn me for a fool,
But I'll smash old Dutsh to cholera fits
Und rake de eternal pool!"

So dey cot some liddle ledders,
 Ash brivate ash couldt pe,
 Vitch Breitmann writed long agone
 To friendts in Germany;
 Und dey brinted dem in efery vay
 To make de beoples laugh,
 Und comment on dem in de shtyle
 Dat "sports" call "slasher-gaff."

Dere to—as vash known py shoodshment
 Und glearly ascerdained,
 Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money
 Py a valse und schwindlin friend—
 So dey roon it troo de newspapers,
 Und shbeeched de make pegan,
 Dat Breitmann shtole de gelt himself
 Und rop der oder man.

Boot de ding dat jam de hardest
 On de men dat bull de vires,
 Und showed dat Capdain Breitmann
 Shtood pedween dwo heafy vires,
 Vas, pecause he vas a soldier—
 Vot couldt see id at a clanse—
 Dey had pud him in a tisdright
 Vhere he hadn't half a shanse.

For ash de pold solidaten
 Ish more prafe ash oder mans,
 Dey moost lead de hope verloren
 Und pattle in de vans;
 Und ash defeat is honoraple
 To men in honor shtrict,
 Dey honor dem py putten em
 Vhere dey're cerdain to pe licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over,
 Tvas de dird or secondt heat
 Dat a soldier in dis tisdrigt
 Had been put oop und beat:
 So de Plue Goats dink it over
 Und go quietly to vork:
 De bow ven too moosh aufgespannt
 Vlies packward mit a yerk.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret on dis
 De ding seemed doubtenfull,
 But mitout delay he dook de horns
 So poldly py de bull,
 Und shpread de shdory eferywhere,
 Dill folk to pliefe pegan,
 Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight*
 Unto der Breitemann !

He fix de liddle tedails—
 How moosh der Seamit hafe got
 For sellin out his barty
 To let Breitemann haul de pot;
 Und he showed a brifate ledder
 From Breitemann to Schmit,
 Vhere he bromise him for Congress
 If he shoost let oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder;
 For der Copitain Breitemann
 Would nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompoogks
 Since virst his life pegan;
 He hat tone some rough dings in der war,
 In de ploonder-und-morder line,
 Boot vas hoockelperry-persimmoned
 Mit dese boledics of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rade—
 Mit de Merigans pest of all,
 For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding
 As efer couldt pefall ;
 For to sheat von's own gonstituents
 Ish de pest mofe in de came,
 Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman
 Hafe de sense to do de same.

V.—How they held the Mass Meeting.

DERE's nodings in dis vorltd so pad,
Ash all oov us may learn,
Boot may shange from dark to lightood,
If look should dake a doorn ;
So it happenet mit Breitmann,
Who in shpite of sin und Schmit,
Gontrified ad shoost dis yoonecture
De make a glucky hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts
To de Deutsche buergers all,
(N. B.—Dish ish not mean *plackarts*,
Boot de pills dey shtick on de vall,)
To say dat a Massenversammlung—
Or a meeding of all de masses—
Would be held in de Arbeiter-Halle,
To consisd of de Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brintin of de pills
To a new gekommene man,
Who dinked dat Demokratisch
Vas de same ash Repooblican :
Gott in Himmel weiss vhere he hid himself
On dish free Coloompian shore,
Dat he scaped de naturalizationids,
Und hadn't foundt out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter,
 De only tifferance he
 Petween Repooblicanish
 Und Demokratisch tid see,
 Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer;
 So he dook shoost vot seem pat
 To make de poster handsome—
 Likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin life
 Small grubs grow oop to vings!
 How ofden shoost from moostard seet
 A first-glass pusiness shprings!
Vant klein komt men tot't groote
 Ash de Hollanders hafe said:
 Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann
 Caved in der Schmitsy's head.

VI.—Brietmann's Great Speech.

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe *sett de vight*,
Cot so much put apent
Dat many of his beoples vere
In fery tuppies toubt ;
'Pove all, dose who were on de make,
And easy change deir lodge,
Und, pein awfool smart demselves,
Pelieve in every dodge.

When de meeding vas gesempld,
Und dey found no Schmit vas dere,
Dey looket at von anoder
Mit a *ganz* erstaunished air ;
But dey *saw it* glear as taylight,
Und around a vink dere ran,
Ven pefore dem rose de shiant form
Of Copitain Breitemann !

Den Breitemann vent los at dem :
" He could nichts well exbress
De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—
De wonnevol hoppiness—
To meed in friendlich council
And glasp de hand of dose
Who had peen mit most oonreason
Und unkindtly galled his foes.

“ Berhaps o’er all dis shmilin eart’ –
 He vould say it dere and den—
 Soosh shpeedagles couldt nod pe seen
 Of soosh imbartial men,
 So tefoid of pase sospicion,
 So apove all betty dricks,
 Ash to gome und liden vairly
 To a voe in poledicks ;

“ Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—
 For he feeled id in his soul
 Dat de *brin̄ciples* vitch mofed dem
 Vere de same oopon de whole ;
 Dut he lack a verd to exbress dem
 In manners opportunes—”
 Here a veller in de gallery
 Gry oud, oonkindly, “ Shpoons !”

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him :
 “ If *shpoons* our modifes pe,
 Dere’s not a man pefore oos
 Who lossed a shpoon by me :
 Far rader had I give you all
 A shpoons to eaten mit,
 Und I hope to get a ladle for
 Mine friendt, der Milder Schmit.”

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—
 It raised der teufel’s dust,
 Und for sefen-lefen minudes
 Dey ooplanted on a bust ;
 Und de blokes dat dinked of hedgin
 Saw a rig as round as O ;
 So dey boked eash oder in de rips,
 Und said, “ I dold you so !”

For dis d'lusion to de ladle
 Vat as glear ash city milk,
 Und drawd it on de beoples
 So vine ash flossen silk,
 Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin locks,
 Und de locks were ready cut;
 Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end,
 Und Schmitsy dake de butt!

Den Breitmann he crack onward :
 " If any 'lightened man
 Will seeken in his Bibel,
 He'll find dat a publican
 Is a barty ash sells lager ;
 Und das ding is ferry blain,
 Dat a re-publican ish von
 Who sells id 'gain und 'gain.

" Now since dat I sells lager,
 I gant agreeen mit
 De demprance brinciples I hear
 Distriputet to Schmit;
 Boot dis I dells you vairly,
 Und no one to tescife—
 If I were Schmit, I'd pliefen
 Shoost vot der Schmit peliefe.

" And to mine Sherman, liperal friends
 I might mention in dis shpot
 Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor
 Dat der Schmit peliefe in Gott ;
 Und also dat he coes to shoorsch—
 Mit a prayer-book for salvadion :
 I vould not for die welt say dings
 To hoort his repudadion.

" Und nodin is more likely
 Dat it all a shlander pe,
 So also de rumor dat ven young
 He shtoooy divinidy :
 I myself, ash a publican,
 Moost pe a sinner by fate,
 Und in dis sense I denounce myself
 Ash a Re-publi-candidate !

" Und dat ve may meed in gommon,
 I declare here in dis hall—
 Und I shvears mineself to hold to it,
 Fotefer may pefall—
 Dat any man who gifes me his fote—
 Votevefer his boledicks pe—
Shall alfays pe regartet
Ash bolidigal friendt py me."

(Dis voonderfol condescension
 Bring down drementous applause,
 Und dose who catch de nodion
 Gife most derriple hooraws ;
 Eshbecially some Amerigans
 Ash vas shtanding near de door,
 Und who in all deir leben long
 Nefer heard so moosh sense pefore.)

" Dese ish de brinciples I holts,
 And dose in vitch I run .
 Dey ish fixed firm and immutaple
 Ash te course of de 'ternal sun :
 Boot if you ton't abbrove of dem—
 Blease nodice vot I say—
 I shall only pe too happy
 To alder dem right afay.

" Und unto my Demogratie friendts
 I vould very glearly shtate—
 Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds
 'To hold a long depate—
 Dat dere's no man in de cidy
 Dat sells besser liquor ash I,
 Und I shtand de treadts *free gradis*
 Vhenefer mine friendts ish try.

" *Ad finem*—in de ende—
 I moost mendion do you all,
 Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier
 Ish a-gomin to dis hall:
 Dere ish none of mine own barty here,
 Boot we'll do mitout deir helfs;
 Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so goot,
 If ve trink it all oursel's."

Soosh drementous up-loudation
 Pefore was nefer seen,
 Ash dey shvored dat Copitan Breitmann
 Vas a brick-pat, and no sardine;
 Und dey trinked demselfs besoffen,
 Sayin, " Hope you wIRD sookceed!"—
 De nexter theil will pe de end
 Of dis historisch lied.

VII.—The Author Asserts the Vast Intellectual Superiority of Germans to Americans.

DERE's a liddle fact in hishdory
Vieh few hafe oonderstand—
Dat de Deutschers are, *de jure*,
De owners of dis land ;
Und I brides mineself unspeakbarly
Dat I foorst make be-known
De primordial cause dat Columpus
Vas derivet from Cologne ;

For ash his name vas Colon,
It fisibly does shine
Dat his elders are geboren been
In Co-logne on der Rhein ;
Und Colonia pein a colony,
It sehr bemerkbar ist
Dat Columbus in America
Was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus is a tofe,
Id is wort de drople to mark
Dat a bidgeon foorst tiscofered land
A-vlyin from de ark ;
Und shtill wider—in de peginnin,
Mitout de leastest toubt,
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers
Und pring de vorldt herout.

Ash mine goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer
 To me tid often shbeak,
 De mythus of name rebeats idself
 (Vich ve see in his *Symbolik* ;))
 So also de name America,
 If ve a liddle look,
 Vas coom from de oldt King Emerich
 In de Deutsche *Heldenbuch*.

Und id vas from dat fery *Heldenbuch*—
 How voonderful id run !—
 Dat I shdole de " Song of Hildebrand,
 Or der Vater und der Son,"
 Und dishtribute it to Breitmann,
 For a reason vitch now ish plain,
 Dat dis Sagen-Cyclus, full-endet,
 Pring me round to der Hans again !

Dese laws of un-endly un-wigglin
 Ish so teep und broad und tall,
 Dat nopody boot a Deutscher
 Have a het to versteh dem at all ;
 Und should I write mine dinks all oud,
 I ton't peliefe, indeed,
 Dat I mineself vould versteh de half
 Of dis here Brietmannslied.

Ash de Hegel say of his system,
 Dat only von mans knew
 Vot der teufel id meandt, und *he* could't tell ;
 Und der Jean Paul Richter too,
 Who said, "Gott knows I meant somedings
 When foorst dis buch I writ,
 Boot Gott only wise vot de buch means now,
 Vor I have vergotten it."

And all of dis be-wises
 So blain ash de face on your nose,
 Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects,
 Dan he himself soopose ;
 Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt,
 Ash I really do soospect,
 Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*,
 Und lesser intellect.

Yet ooprighly I gonfess it—
 Mitout ashkin vhy or vhence—
 Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans
 Hafe ge-shown sharp-pointed sense ;
 Und a fery outsigned exsample
 Of genius in dis line,
 Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion,
 By Mishder Hiram Twine.

VIII.—Showing How Mr. Hiram Twine
“Played off” on Smith.

VIDE LICET : Dere vas a fillage
Whose vode alone vouldt pe
Apout enoof to elegdt a man,
Und gife a mayority ;
So de von who couldt scoop dis seddlement
Vould make a pully hit ;
Boot dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all,
Dey all go von on Schmit.

Now it happenet to gome to bass
Dat in gis liddle town
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdlin
Dat Mishder Schmit coom down,
His brinciples to fore-setzen
Und his idées to deach,
(Dat is, fix oop de brifate pargains)
Und telifer a pooblic sbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss,
Ash blainly ish peen shown,
Und vas alfays an out-findin
Votefer might pe known ;
Und mit some of his circums windles
He fix de matter so
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meetin
Und see how dings vas go.

Oh shtrangely in dis leben
 De dings kits vorked apout!
 Oh voonderly Fortuna
 Makes toorn us insite out!
 Oh sinkular de luck-wheel rolls!
 Dis liddle meeding dere
 Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum*—
 Shoost suit him to a hair!

Now it hopenit on dis efenin
 De Deutschers, von und all,
 Vere avaitin mit impatience
 De openin of de ball;
 Und de shates of nite vere fallin
 Und de shdars begin to plink,
 Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory,
 For d'vas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a-dramplin,
 Und dey saw, und dinked dey knowed,
 Der bretty greature coomin,
 On his horse along de road;
 Und ash he ride town in-ward
 De likeness vas so blain,
 Dey donnered out, "Hooray for Schmit!"
 Enough to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shtart like plazes;
 Boot oopshtarted, too his wit,
 Und he dinks, "Great Turnips! what if I
 Couldt bass for Colonel Schmit?
 Gaul dern my heels! *I'll do it,*
 Und go de total swine!
 Oh, Soap-balls! what a chance!" said dis
 Dissembulatin Twine.

Denn 'tvas "Willkomm! willkomm; Mishder
Schmit!"

Ringsroom on efery site;
Und "Foorst-rate! How dy-do yourself?"
Der Hiram Twine replied.
Dey ashk him, "Come und dake a trink?"
But dey find it mighdy queer
Ven Twine informs dem none boot hogs
Vouldt trink dat shtinkin bier;

Dat all lager vas nodings boot boison;
Und ash for Sherman wein,
He dinks it vas erfunden
Exshbressly for Sherman schwein;
Dat he himself vas a demperanceler—
Dat he gloria in de name;
Und atfise dem all, for tecency's sake,
To go und do de same.

Dese bemarks among de Deutschers
Vere apout ash vell receife
Ash a cats in a game of den-bins,
Ash you may of coorse peliefe:
De heat of de reception
Vent down a dootzen tegrees,
Und in place of hurraws dere vas only heardt
De rooslin of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille
Dey scorched him to de hall,
Where he makot de oradion
Vitch vas so moosh to blease dem all;
Und dis vay he pegin it:
"Pefore I funder go,
I vish dat my obinions
Yon puddin-het Dootch should know.

"Und ere I norate to you,
 I think it only fair
 We should oonderstand each other
 Prezactly, chunk and square.
 Dere are boints on which ve tisagree,
 And I vill plank de facts—
 I don't go round slanganderin
 My friendts behind deir packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy
 If on de raw I touch,
 When I say I can't apide de sound
 Of your groontin, shi-shing Dutch.
 Should I in de Legislatudure
 As your slumgullion shtand,
 I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch
 Troo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau,
 To deat' he should pe led ;
 If a mutter breat' it to her schild,
 I'd bunch her in de head ;
 Und I'm sure dat none vill atfocate
 Ids use in public schools,
 Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal,
 Sauerkraut-eatin vools.

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat,
 Shoost made a liddle pause,
 Und see sechs hundert gapin eyes,
 Sechs hundert shdarin chaws,
 Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen ;
 Von faindly dried to hiss ;
 Und von set : "Ish it shleeps I'm treamin ?
 Gottausend ! vat ish dis ?"

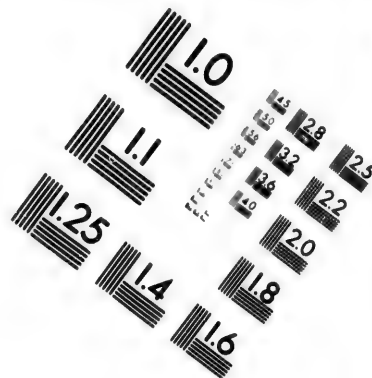
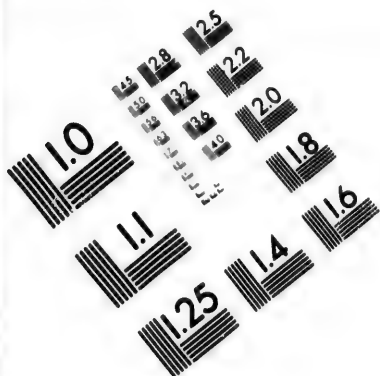
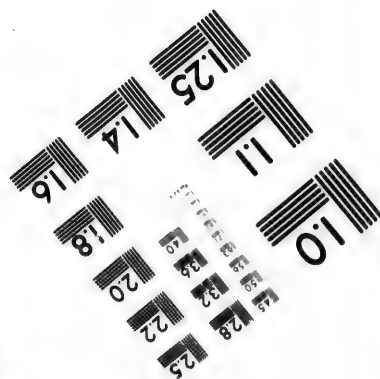
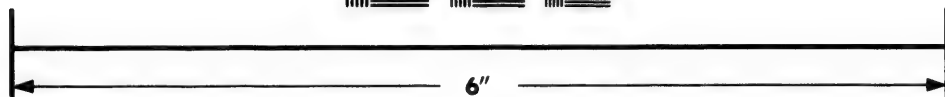
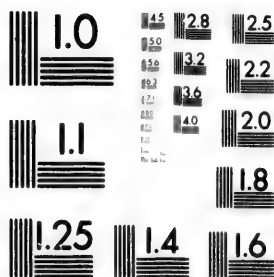


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Twine keptet von eye-on de vindow,
 Boot poldly went aheth:
 "Of your oder slrtinkin hobits
 No vordt needt heir pe set.
 Shtop goozlin bier—shtop shmokin bipes—
 Shtop rootin in de mire;
 Und shoost *un-Dutchify* yourselves:
 Dat's all dat I require."

Und *denn* dere coomed a shindy
 Ash if de shky hat trop:
 "Trow him mit eeks, py doonder!
 Go shlog him on de kop!
 Hei! Shoot him mit a powie-knifes;
 Go for him, ganz and gar!
 Shoost tar him mit some fedders!
 Led's fedder him mit tar!"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie
 Vas nefer oop-kickt before:
 Soom roosh to on-climb de blatförm—
 Soom hoory to fasten te toor:
 Von veller vired his refolfer,
 Boot de pullet missed her mark:
 She coot de cort of de shandelier:
 It vell, und de hall vas tark!

Oh vell was it for Hiram Twine
 Dat nimplly he couldt shoomp;
 Und vell dat he light on a misthauf,
 Und nefer feel de boomp;
 Und vell for him dat his goot cray horse
 Shtood sattled shoost outside;
 Und vell dat in an augenblick
 He vas off on a teufel's ride.

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots
 Vent pipin py his ear,
 Boot he tortled oop de barrick road
 Like any mountain deer:
 Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins,
 But dey only could be-mark
 Von climpse of his vhte obercoadt,
 Und a clotterin in de tark.

So dey all versembled togeder,
 Ein ander to sprechen mit,
 Und allow dat sooch a rede
 Dey nefer exshpegd from Schmit—
 Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard,
 And so pig a Lump ash ran;
 So, *nemine contradicente*,
 Dey vented for Breitemann.

Und 'tvas annerthalb yar dereafter,
 Pefore der Schmit vas know
 Vot maket dis rural fillage
 Go pack oopon him so;
 Und he schvored at de Dootch more schlimmer
 Ash Hiram Twine had tone.
Nota bene: He tid it in earnesht,
 While Hiram's vas pusiness fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heard de shdory
 How de fillage hat peen dricked,
 He shvore bei Leib und Leben
 He'd rader hafe peen licked,
 Dan pe helpet bei soosh shumgoozlin;
 Und 'tvas petter to pe a schwein
 Dan a schwindlin honeyfooglin shnake,
 Like dat lyin Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heafy disgoosted
 Mit de boledicks of dis land,
 Dat his friendts couldn't barely keep him
 From trowin oop his hand,
 Vhen he helt shtraidt flush, mit an ace in his
 poot;
 Vich phrase ish all de same,
 In de science of de pokerology,
 Ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegtet,
 Py vollowin de vay
 Dey manage de elegdions
 Unto dis fery day;
 Vitch shows de Deutsch *Dummekrlichkeit*,
 Also de Yankee "wit;"
 Das ist das Abenteuer
 How Breitmann lick der Schmit.

Hans Breitmann in Church,

AND OTHER BALLADS.

BY

CHARLES G. JELAND.

Third Series of the Breitmann Ballads.

TORONTO, ONT.

1870.

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Breitmann's Going to Church.

*"Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem canonicam esse rem
haud ita periculosam, sed valde amœnam, si modo vinum, greggio, et
cibi praesto sunt."*

[*Novissimæ Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum. Bertini, F. Berg-
gold, 1869. Epistola xxiii. p. 63.*]

D'VAS near de State of Nashfille,
In de town of Tennessee,
Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd
Mit all his cavallrie.
Der Sheneral kept him glose in camp,
He vouldn't let dem go,
Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,
Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,
Und denn he madly shvore :
"Crate h—l mit shpoons und shinsherbread !
Can dis pe makin war ?
Verdammt pe all der discipline ;
Verdammt der Sheneral :
Vere I vonce on de road, his will
Were Wurst mir und egâl.

" Oh where ish all de plazin roofs
 Dat claddened vonce mine eyes,
 Und where de crand blantaschions
 Where ve gaddered many a brize ?
 Und where de plasted shpies ve hung
 A howlin loud mit fear ;
 Und where de rascal push-whackers
 Ve shashed like vritened deer.

" De roofs are shtandin fast und firm
 Mit repels blottin oonder ;
 De crand blantaschions lie round loose
 For Morgan's men to ploonder ;
 De shpies go valkin out und in,
 Ash sassy ash can pe,
 Und in de woods de push-whackers
 Are makin foon of me !

" O, vere I on my schimmel grey,
 Mein sabre in mein hand,
 Dey should drack me py de ruins
 Of de houses troo de land.
 Dey should drack me py de puzzards
 High sailen ofer head,
 A vollowin der Breitmann's trail,
 To claw de repel dead."

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,
 Who had théories of Gott :
 " O Breitman dis ish shoodgement on
 De vays dat you hafe trot
 You only lifes to joy yourself,
 Yet you yourself moost say
 Dat self-development requires
 De religiös Idée."

Dey set dem down und argued it,
 Like Deutschers vree from fear,
 Dill dey schmoke ten pfound of Knaster
 Und drinked drei fass of bier.
 Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,
 Boot Veit he had him denn,
 For he dook him on de angles
 Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low dat 'pentence
 Ish known in efery glime,
 Und dat to grin und bear it
 Vas healty und soopline.
 "For mine Sout Sherman Catoliks
 Id vas pe goot I know,
 Likevise dem Nordland Lutérans,
 If vonce to shoorsch dey go.

"Boot how vas id mit oders
 Who dinks philosophie?
 I don't begreif de matter—"
 Said Stossenheim: "Denn see
 De more dat Shoorsch disgoostet you,
 Und make despise und bain,
 De crater merid ish to go,
 Und de crater ish your gain.

"I know a liddle shoorsch mineself
 Oopon de Bole Jack road;
 (De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere
 Ash into shoorsch dey goed.)
 Dere you might make a bilerimage,
 Und do it in a tay:—
 Gott only knows vot dings you might
 Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Den oop dere shpoke a contrapand,
 Vas at de tent id's toor :
 " Dere's twenty bar'ls of whisky hid
 In dat tabernacle—shore !
 A rebel he done gone and put
 It in de cellar true ;
 No libin man dat secret knows
 'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim he grossed himself
 Und knelt peside de fence,
 Und gried : " O Coptain Breitmann, see,
 Die finger Providence."
 Der Breitmann droed his hat afay :
 Says he, " Pe't hit or miss,
 I'fe heard of miragles pefore,
 Boot none so hunk ash dis.

" Wohl auf, mine pully cafaliers,
 Ve'll ride to shoorsch to-day !
 Each man ash hasn't cot a horse,
 Moost shteal von, rite afay.
 Dere's a raw, green corps from Michigan,
 Mit horses on de loose ;
 You men ash vants some hoof-irons,
 Look out und crip deir shoes !"

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie
 Rode out py moonen-shine ;
 De cotton fields in shimmerin light
 Lay white ash elfenbein.
 Dey heared a shot close py Lavergne,
 Und men who rode afay.
 In de road a-velterin in his plood
 A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say :
 " While shtandin at my post,
 De guerillas got first shot at me ;"
 Und so gafe oop de ghost.
 Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,
 Said : " Sah—dose grillers all,
 Is only half a mile from hyar,
 A dancin at a pall."

Der Breitmann shpoke, und brummed it out
 Ash if his heart tid schvell,
 " I'll gife dem music at dat pall
 Vill tantz dem indo hell !"
 Hei—arrow-fast—a teufel's ride !
 De plack man led de vay ;
 Dey reach de house—dey see de lights—
 Dey heard de fiddle blay.

Dey nefer vaited for a word,
 Boot galloped from de gloom,
 Und *bang* !—a hoonderd carpine shots
 Dey fired into de room.
 Oop vent de groans of vountet men,
 De fittlin died away ;
 Boot some of dem vere tead before
 De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack ooom scatterin shots
 Troo vindow und troo door,
 Boot bang und clang de Germans gife
 Anoder volley more.
 " Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file, to shoorsh !"
 Aloudt de orders ran.
 " I kess I paid dem for dat shot !"
 Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair
 Shone gaily o'er de hill,
 All violet plue de shky crew teep
 In rifer, pond und rill.
 All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks
 Coom oop troo dimmerin wood;
 All shnowy vite in mornin light
 De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

" Now loudet vell de Organ oop,
 To drill mit solemn fear;
 Und ring also dat Lumpenglock,
 To pring de beoples here.
 Und if it prings guerillas down,
 Ve'll gife dem, py de Lord!
 De low mass of de sabre, und
 De high mass of de cord!

" Du Eberlé aus Freiburg,
 Du bist ein Musikant.
 Tep-sawyer on de counter-point
 Und buster in discant,
 To dee de soul of music
 All innerly ish known,
 Du canst mit might fullenden
 De art of orgel-ton.

" Derefore a Misérére
 Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel;
 Und vake, re-raiséed yearnin,
 Alsò a holy feel:—
 Pe referent, men—rememper
 Dis ish a Gotteshaus—
 Du, Conrad,—go along de aisles,
 Und schenk de whisky aus!"

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,
 Beethoven und Méhul,
 Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach,
 Sooplime und peaudiful.
 Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,
 De tears roon down his fuss,
 Und he sopped out: "Gott verdammich—dis
 Ist wahres Kunstgenuss!"

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high
 He make de rafters ring.
 Der Eberlé blayed lower, und
 Ve heardt der Breitmann sing,
 Like a dronin wind in piney woods,
 Like a nightly moanin sea,
 Ash he dinked on Sonntags long ago
 Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone
 High oop de orgel blowed,
 Und plentifuler efer yet
 Around de whisky goed.
 Dey singed ash if mit singin dey
 Might indo Himmel win:—
 I dink in all dis lard soosh shprees
 Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,
 Mit doost-cloudts troo de door,
 All plack ash night in goldnen lighdt
 Dere shtood ein sewartzer Mohr.
 Dat contrapand so wild und weh,
 Mit eye-palls glarin round,
 Und cried: "For Gott's sake, hoory oop!
 De reps ish gomin down!"

Und vwhile he yet vas shpeakin,
 A far-off soundt pegan,
 Down rollin from de moundain,
 Of many a ridersmann.
 Und vwhile de waves of musik
 Vere rollin o'er deir heads,
 Dey heard a foice a schkreemin:
 "Pile out of thar, you Feds !

"For we uns ar' a comin
 For to guv to you uns fits,
 And knock you into brimstun,
 And blast you all to bits—"
 Boot ere it done ids shpeakin
 Dere vas order in de band,
 Ash Breitmann, mit an awefool stim
 Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel
 Doth make a splurigin flung,
 Und ash eagles dab de fisch-hawks
 Ash if de gods were young ;
 So from all de doors und vindows,
 Like shpiders down deir webs,
 De Dootch went at deir horses,
 Und de horses at de rebs,

Crate shplendors of de treadful
 Vere in dat pattle rush ;
 Crate vights mit swordt und carpino
 Py efery fence and bush ;
 Ash panthers vight mit crislies
 In famished morder fits—
 For de rebs vere mad ash boison,
 Und de Dootch vere droonk as blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,
 So quickly vas it o'er ;—
 O vhy moost I forefer
 Pestain mine page mit gore.
 Py liddle und py liddle,
 Dey drawed demselfs afay ;
 Oft toornin round to vighthen,
 Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,
 De scatterin gries more shlow ;
 Und further troo de forest
 Ve heared dem vainter crow.
 Ve gife von shout—" *Victoria !*"
 Und denn der Breitmann said,
 Ash he wipid his ploody sabre,
 " Now, poys, count oop your dead !"

O small had been our shoutin
 For shoy, if ve had known,
 Dat de Stossenheim im oaken Wald
 Lay dyin all alone ;
 While his oldt white horse mit droopin het
 Look dumbly on him down,
 Ash if he dinked, " Vy lvest dou here
 While fightin's goin on ?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier,
 Slow dyin on de eart,
 Of a Schloss afar in Baden,
 Of his mutter, und nople birt--
 Of poverty und sorrow
 Which drofe him like de wind—
 Und he sighed : " Ach weh, for de lofed ones
 Who wait so far pehind !

" Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains !
 Wohl auf—well ofer de sea !
 Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald,
 Und shpins, und dinks of me.
 Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,
 Und sings a liddle hymn,
 Und learns to shpeak a fader's name
 Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

" But mordial life ends shortly,
 Und Heafen's life is long—
 Wo bist du, Breitmann?—glaub'es—
 Gott suffers no ding wrong.
 Now I die like a Christian soldier;
 My head oopon my sword :—
In nomine Domine !"
 Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen
 Vhen Stossenheim vas found,
 Efen from dose dere lyin
 Fast dyin on de grount.
 Boot time vas short for vaiten,
 De shades vere gadderin dim ;
 Und I nefer shall forget it,
 De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers
 Vas all de funeral knell,
 De ring of sporn und carpine
 Vas all de sacrin bell.
 Mit hoontin knife und sabre
 Dey digged de grave a span ;
 From German eyes blue gleamin
 De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong
 De plessed cross ve made,
 Und put it vhere de soldier's head
 Toward Germany vas laid.
 Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,
 De cross is gone afay,
 Boot Gott will find der reiter
 Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,
 Und dinkin of de dead,
 Und dinkin of de Organ,
 To Nashville Breitmann led.
 Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl
 Vas ernsthaft, grim und kalt,
 Shtill dinkin of de heart's friend,
 He'd left im gruenen Wald.

De verses of dis boem
 In Heidelberg I write.
 De night is dark around me,
 De shtars apove are bright.
 Studenten in den Gassen
 Make singen many a song,
 Ach Faderland!—wie bist du weit!
 Ach Zeit!—wie bist du lang!

The First Edition of Breitmann.

Showing How and Why it was that it never appeared.

*"Uns ist in alten Maeren,
Wunders viel geseit,
Von Helden lobebaeren,
Von grosser Arebeit,
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,
Von Weinen und Klagen,
Von kuehnen Recken Streiten,
Moht Ihr nun Wunderhoren sagen."*

DER NIBELUNGEN LIED.

FIRSDT PARDT.

Do oos, in anciend shdory,
Crate voonders ish peen told
Of lapors fool of glories,
Of heroes bluff und bold,
Of high oldt times a-kitin,
Of howlin und of tears,
Of kissin und of vightin:
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben
Since fifty years pegan,
An shild of decent elders,
His name Hans Breitemann.
De gross adfentures dat he had,
If you will only look,
Ish all bescribed so truly
In dis fore-lying book.

Und allaweil dese lieder
 Vere goin troo his het,
 De writer lay von Sonntay,
 A-shleepin in his bett;
 Ven lo!—a yellow bigeon
 Coom to him in a dream,
 De same dat Mr. Barnum
 Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shpoke de bigeon.
 "If you should brint de songs
 Or odor dings of Breitmann
 Whieh to den on belongs,
 Dey will tread de road of Sturm und Drang
 Die wile es mohte leben,
 Und pe mis-geborn in pattle
 To dis fate ish it ergeben."

Und dus rebly de dreamer:
 "If on de ice it shlip,
 Denn led it dake ids shanses;
 Rip Sam, und let 'er rip!
 Dou say'st it vill be sturmy,—
 Vot sturmy ish, ish crand.
 Crate heroes ish de beoples
 In Uncle Samuel's land.

Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel
 O golden bigeon mine:
 Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer
 If id dakes me all de line.
 Full liddle ish de discount
 Opon de Yankee peeps."
 "Go to hell!" exglaim de bigeon:—
 Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

SECONDT PARDT.

DERE vent to Sout Carolina,
A shentleman who dinked,
Dat de pallads of der Breitmann
Should papered pe und inked.
Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin
Pefore de writer know :
Dis make to many a brinter
Fool many a bitter woe.

All in de down of Charleston
A druckerei he found,
Vhere dey cut de copy into takes,
Und sorted it around.
Und all vas goot peginnen,
For no-man heeded moooh
Dat half de jours vas Mericans,
Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half
Had vorn de Federal plue,
Vhile de anti-half in Davis grey
Had peen Confeterates true.
Great Himmel !—Vot a shindy
Vos shtarted in de crowd
Vhen some von read Hans Breitmann
His Barty all aloud !

Und von goot-nadured Yankee
 He schvear it vos a shame,
 To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,
 Und make of dem a game.
 But dis make mad Fritz Luder,
 Und he schvear dis treat of Hans,
 Vos shoost so goot a barty
 Ash any oder man's.

Und dat nodings vos so looscious,
 In all dis eartly shpear,
 Ash a quart mug fool of sauer-kraut,
 Mit a plate of lager bier.
 Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself
 For he, der Fritz, hafe peen
 In many soosh a barty,
 Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,
 Mid all his passion ripe,
 Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin-shtick,
 Where-emit he vas settin type.
 It hit him on de occiput,
 Und laid him on de floor ;
 For many a long day after
 I ween his het vas sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,
 Who vas quick to act und dink ;
 He held in hand a roller
 Where-mit he vas rollin ink,
 Und he dake his broof by shtrikin
 Der Merican top of his het,
 Und make soosh a vine impression
 Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,
 Dere vas rows of anoder kind,
 Und drople in de wigwam
 Enough to trife dem plind;
 Und a crate six-vooted Soutern man,
 Vot hafe vorked on a Reflew, [forms
 Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de
 If de Breitmann's book warn't true.

For de Sout vas ploondered derriple,
 Und in dat darksome hour
 He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,
 Of all de land de vlower.
 Bright gold doblones a hoondered
 He willingly vouldt pay,
 Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,
 Und deem it sheap dat day.

To him aut-worded a Yorker,
 Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee*,
 (De only dings *he* lossed in de war
 Was a sense of broperty :)
 Says he, "Votefer *you* hafe dropped,
 Some oder shap hafe get,
 Und de yallow-pine like him petter ash you;
 On dat it is safe to bet!"

Dead-pale pecame dat Soudern brave,
 He tidn't so moosh as yell;
 Boot he drop right onto de Yorker,
 Und mit von lick bust his shell.
 Den out he flashed his pig-sticker,
 Und mit looks of drementous gloom,
 Rooshed vildly into de pattle
 Dat vas ragin round de room.

Boot, *in angulo*, in de corner,
 Anoder quarrel vas grow
 Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner,
 Und de row ish gekommen so :
 De Yankee say dat de H-u-mor
 Of Breitmann vas less dan small ;
 Dough he maket de beoples laughen,
 Boot dat vas only all.

Den a Deutscher say by Donner !
 Dat soosh a baradox
 Would leafe no hope for writers
 In all Pändora's bänder box.
 'Twas like de saying dat Heine
 Hafe no witz in him goot or bad ;
 Boot he only *kept sayin* witty dings,
 To make beoples pelieve he had.

Den de oder veller be-headed
 Dat dere vas not a sbark of foon
 In de Breitmann lieds, vhen you lead dem
 Into English correctly done :
 Den a *Proof Sheet* veller res-pondered,
 For he dink de dings vas hard ;
 " Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady
 Ash vent to hear Artemas Ward.

" Und say it vas shames de beoples
 Vas laugh demselfs most tead
 At de boor young veller lecturin,
 Vhen he tidn't know vot he said."
 Hereauf de Yankee answered :
 " Gaul dern it !—Shtop your fuss !"
 Und all de crowd togeder
 Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet
 Soosch an awfool smack on de face,
 Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin
 Mit a sense of his tisgrace.
 Boot a Deutscher boosted an ink-keg
 On dop of dé oders hair,
 It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn—
 Mine Gotts!—Vot a sighdt vas dere!

Denn ofer all de shapel
 Vierce war vas ragin loose;
 Fool many a vigheten brinter
 Got well ge-cooked his goose;
 Fool many an nose mit fisten
 I ween vas padly serouged;
 Fool many an eye pright-gleamin
 Vas bloody out-gegouged.

Dó wart úfgehauwen
 Dere vas hewin off of pones.
Dó hörte man dar inne
 Man heardt soosh treadful croans.
Jach waren dá die Geste
 De row vas rough und tough.
Genuoge sluogen wunden—
 Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De shpirids of anciend brinters
 From Himmel look down oopon,
 Und allowed dat in a chapel
 Dere vas nefer soosh carryins-on.
 Dere vas Lorenz Coster mit Guttemberg,
 Und Scheffer mit der Fust,
 Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers
 Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted
 Who lay oopon de vloer ;
 Dere vas Soutern rebs destructed
 Who nefer wouldt Jeff no more.
 Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,
 Dey heard de oldt brinters calls ;
 Und Guttemberg gifed dem all a kiek
 Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads
 Foorst vere crooshed in plood und shdorm.
 Fool many a day moost bass afay
 Pefore dey dook dis form.
 De copy flootered o'er de preasts
 Of heroes lyin todt.
 Dis vas de dire peginnin—
 Das war des BREITMANN'S NOTH.

Dis song in Philadelphia
 Long dimes ago pegun ;
 In Paris vas gondinued, und
 In Dresden ist full-done.
 If any toubt apout de *facts*
 In nople minds ish grew,
 Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed—
He knows id all ish drue.

Und now dese Breitmann shdories
 Ish geprindt in many a land,
 Sogar in far Australia
 Dey're gestohlen und bekannt.
 Go forth my book through all the world,
 Bear what thy fate may be !
 They may bite thee, they may tear thee,
 So they do no harm to me !

I Gili Romaneskro.

A Gipsy Ballad.

WHEN der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling, he vas go, bummin aroundt, goot deal in de Worldt, vestigatin human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de Fraentsch boet says: "goin from town to town,"—seein beoples in gemixed society, und learnin dose languages vitch ornamentd a drue moskopolite, or von whose het ish bemost mit experience. Mong oder tongues ash it would appeared, he shpoke fluendly Red Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder-Waelsch Gaunersprache und Ghipsy, und dis latter languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads in it—von of vitch pallads I have intuce him mit moush droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader, vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace pefore himself de fexation und lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents to get dese Shipsy verses properly gorrected; as de only shentleman in town who vas culpable of so doin, ish peen gonfined in de town-brison; pout some drobles he hat for shdealin some hens, und pefore I couldt consoolt mit him, he vas rooned afay. Don I fond an oldt vomans Shipsy who vas do nodins boot peg, und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Derfore der erordoms moast be excused py de enlightened pooplic who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful languashe, vitch is now so shenerally fashionabel in literary und shpordin circles.

I GILI ROMANESKRO.

I HEAR de goek a growin !
I hear de musikant !
Gott gife dee a happy shourney
When you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches
A pird mit merry shdrain ;
Goot many tays moost fanish
Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times
I'll hear dat song from dee ;
Boot now I goes ash soldier,
To war on de rollin sea.

Unt vot I shdeals in pattle,
Und vot on de road I shdeal,
I'll pring all to my true lofe
Who lofes her loafer so well.

Steinli von Slang.

FIRSDT PARDT.

DER Watchman look out from his tower,
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,
Und saw on de road troo de Ganer
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him:
Und he schvear: "May I lose my next bitter,
Und denn mit der Teufel go hang,
If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang,"

"De vorldt nefer had any such man,
He vights like a sturm in its wrath;
You may call me a regular Dutchmann,
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.
He ish pig ash de shiant O'Brady,
More ash sefer, feet high on a string,
Boot he can't vin he hearts of my lady,
De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady makes welcome her gast in,
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtairs;
She look like an angel got lost in
A forest of autumn-brown hair.
Und a bower-maiden said as she tarried:
"I wish I may bust mit a bang!
If id isn't a shame she ain't married
To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang!"

He pows to de cround fore de lady,
 While his vace ish ash pale ash de tead;
 Und she vhispers oonto him a rédè,
 Ash mit arrow point accents she said:
 "You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,
 You hafe vight, und mine braises you sing;
 Boot I'm 'fraid dat de notion ain't in me."—
 De lady Plectruda von Sling.

"Boot brafe-hood tesserfes a reward, Sir:
 Dough you've hardly a chost of a shanse.
 Sankt Werolf!—medinks id ish hardt, Sir,
 I should allaweil lead you dis dance."
 Like a bees ven it booz troo de clofer,
 Dese murmurin accents she flang,
 While singin, a stingin her lofer—
 Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

"Boot if von ding you do, I'll knock under,
 Our droples moost enden damit;
 Und if you pull troo it,—by donder!
 I'll own myself euchred und bit.
 I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody!
 Py mine honor—und avery ding!
 You may hafe me—soul, puttons und pody,
 Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling.

"Und dis ish de test of your power:—
 While ve shtand ourselves round in a row,
 You moost roll from de dop of dis tower
 Down shtairs to de valley pelow.
 Id ish rough und ash shteeep ash my virtue:
 (Mit schwanen shweet accents she sang:)
 "Tont dry if you dinks it vill hurt you,
 Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang."

An moormoor arosed mong de beoples;
 In fain tid she doorn in her schörn.
 Der votchman on dop of de shdeeples
 Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.
 Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,
 Dey schveared dey vouldt pass on de ding,
 Und not roll down de firstest tam steppé
 For a hoondred like Fraeulein von Sling.

SECONDT PARDT.

TWAS Audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin
 Und visperin deir elfin-wild talk,
 Ven shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin,
 Horr Steinli coomed out for a walk.
 Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,
 He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang;
 Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin—
 De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,
 He see, shoost aheat in his vay,
 In sinkular manner a streakin,
 An strange liddle pein, in cray.
 Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,
 Und cuttin a dwo-bigeon ving,
 Gried: "Say—can you change me a thaler,
 O, guest of de lady von Sling?"

De knight vas a goot nadured veller,
 (De peggars all knowed him at sight,)
 So he forked out each groschen und heller
 Dill he fix de finances aright.
 Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he
 (Der Ritter) astonished, cried "Dang!"
 For id vasn't von thaler, boot *twenty*,
 He'd bassed on der Ritter von Sling.

Oh reater!—soopose soosh a vlight in
 De vingers of me, or of you,
 How we'd toorned on our heels und gon kitin
 Dill no von vas left to pursue!
 Goot Lort!—How *we'd* froze to de ready!
 Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding;
 For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,
 Dis lofer of Fraeulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit
 To dis part of mine dale, shdill ids drue,
 He drafelled ash if he would *dead* it
 Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.
 Und loudly he after him hollers,
 Till de vales mit de cliffs loud rang,
 “You hafe gife me nine-ten too moosh dollars—
 Hold hard!” cried de Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,
 Und laidt a cold hand on his prow,
 Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement:
 “Vot manner of mordal art dou?
 I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,
 Und nefer yed met soosh a ding;
 Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse und
 Peloved py de Lady von Sling.

“Und she vant you to roll from de tower
 Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot.”
 (Here de knight whom amazement o'erbowwer
 Gried “Himmelspotzpumpenherr Gott!”)
 Boot he oldt veller saidt: “I'll arrange it.
 Let your droples und sorrows co hang!
 Und no dings vill coom to derange it,
 Pet high on it, Riter von Slang.”

" So get oop dis small oonderstandin ;
 Dat to-morrow py ten—do you hear ?
 You'll pe mīt your *trunk* on de landin ;
 I'll pe dere on hand, nefer fear.
 Und I dink ve shall make your young voman
 A new kind of meloty sing ;
 Dat vain, vicked, cruel, inhuman,
 Gott tamnaple Fraeulein von Sling !"

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,
 White moths und white dofes shimmered round,
 All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,
 Mit perfume, und vision, und sound.
 De liddle oldt feller hat fanished
 In a harp-like melotious twang ;
 Und mit him all sorrow vas panished
 Afay from der Steinle von Slang.

THIRD PART.

ID vas morn, und de vorlde hat assempled
Mit panners und lances und dust,
Boot de heart of de Paroness tremped,
Und ofden her folly she cussed.
For she found dat der Ritter would *do it*,
Und "die or get into de Ring,"
Und denn she'd pe cerdain to rue it,
Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher
Dan he mit de Minnesing crew ;
He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,
Und Wolfram von Eschenback too.
Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders,
How herlich his braises dey sang :
"Now dey'll knock my goot name indo flinders
For killin der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh ! der goot knight had a schauer,
Und felt most ongommonly queer,
Ven he find on de dop of de dower
De gray man pesite him appear.
Den he find he no more could go valkin
Und shtood shoost an potrifid ding,
Vhile de gray man vent ronnd apout talkin
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling !

Den at vonce he see indo de problem,
Und vas stoggered like rats at ids *vim* ;
His soul had gone indo de goblum,
Und de goblum's hat gone into him.
Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,
Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang,
For dey dinked dat dis goblum vitch ranted
So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und Lordt! *how* id dalked! Oonder heafens
 Der vas nefer soosh derriple witz,
 Knockin all dings to sechses und sefens,
 Und gifin Plectruda Dutch fits.
 Mein Gott! how he poonished und chaffed her,
 Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding,
 While de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter
 At Fraeulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,
 De lady grew rat-full und red,
 She felt some Satanical jailer
 Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.
 She moost laugh ven she vant to pe cryin,
 Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,
 Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,
 To dis derriple image of Slang.

Den der goblum shoomp oop to der cieling,
 Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,
 Right ofer Plectruda, a-kneelin,
 Dill she look more a vool dan pefore.
 Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,
 His laughs made it all apout ring,
 Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy
 Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und ven he cot down to de pottom,
 He laugh so to freezeen your plood;
 Und schwear dat de booms ash he cot em
 Hafe make him veel petter ash good.
 Boot—oh—how dey shook at his power,
 Ven he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,
 Und roll oop to de dop of de tower
 Where he change mit de oder von Slang!

Den all in an insdand vas altered ;
 Der Steinli vas coom to himself ;
 Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,
 From dat moment acain vas an elf.
 Dey shdill dinked dat von Slang vas de person
 Who had bobbed oop und down on de ving,
 Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on
 De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun—endlich—Plectruda—repented,
 Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy ;
 In dime to pe married consented,
 Und vas plessed mit a peautiful poy
 A dwenty gold biece on his bosom
 Ven geporn vas tiscofered to hang,
 Mit de inscript—"Dis dime don't refuse em."—
 So endet de tale of von Slang.

To a Friend Studying German.

*Si liceret te amare,
 Ad Suevorum magnum mare
 Spousam te perducerem.*

[*Tristitia Amorsa. Frau Aventure, von J. V. Scheffel.*]

VILL'ST dou learn de Deutsche Sprache ?
 Den set it on your card
 Dat all de nouns have shenders,
 Und de shenders all are hard.
 Dere ish also dings called pronoms,
 Vitch ids shoost ash vell to know ;
 Boot ach !—de verbs or time-words,
 Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Denn you allatag moost go
 To sinfonies, sonatas,
 Or an oratorio.
 Ven you dinks you know 'pout musik,
 More ash any oder man,
 Pe sure de soul of Deutschland
 Indo your soul ish ran.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Dou moost eat apout a peek
 A week of stinging sauer-kraut,
 Und sefen pfoundts of shpeek.
 Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar
 Und Deuce knows vot in rum:
 Dis ish de only cerdain vay
 To make de accents coom.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Brepere dy soul to shtand
 Soosh sendences ash n'er vere heardt
 In any oder landt.
 Till dou canst bear parentheses
 Pe twisted ohne Zahl;
 Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn
 For a languashe ideal.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Du moost, mitout an fear,
 Trink efery tay a gallon dry
 Of foamin Sherman bier.
 Und de more you trinks, pe cerdain,
 More Deutsch you'll surely pe,
 For Gambrinus ish de Emberor
 Of de whole of Germany.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 Pe sholly, brav, und treu,
 For dat veller ish kein Deutscher
 Who ish not a sholly poy;
 Find out vot means Gemuthlichkeit,
 Und try it mitout fail,
 In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,
 A heart, ganz krenzfidel.

Vill'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?
 If a shendleman dou art,
 Denn shtrike right into Deutschland
 Und get a shveetesheart.
 From Schwabenland or Sachsen,
 Where now dis writer pees,
 Und de bretty girls all wachsen
 Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a lady,
 Denn on de oder hand,
 Take a blonde moustachioed lofer,
 In de vine-green Sherman land.
 Und if you shouldt kit married,
 Vood mit vood soon makes a vire:
 O denn you'll find de Dutch vill coom
 Ash fast as you desire.

Love Song.

O VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shveet de seas from bole to bole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-fieldt,
I'd bet mine only pence
It wouldn't pe no dime at all
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafently foice it drill me so,
It really seems to hoort;
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De re'nbow rises ven she sings;
De sonn shine ven she dalk,
De angels crow und vlop deir vings
Ven she goes out to valk.

So livin vhte—so carnadine—
Mine lofe's gomplexion glow;
It's shoost like abendearmosine
Rich gleamin on de shnow.
Her soul makes plooshes in her shèck,
As sommer reds de wein,
Or sonlight sends a fire-life troo
An blank karfunkelstein.

De ueberschwengliche idées
Dis lofe put in my mind,
Vould make a foostrate philosoph
Of any human kind.
'Tis shuderend sweet on eart' to meet
An himmlisch-hoellisch qual,
Und treat mit whites to kummel schnapps,
De Shœnheitsideal.

GLOSSARY.

- Abendgold*, (German)—Evening gold.
Abendsonnenschein, (German)—Evening sunshine.
Ach Vaterland &c., (German)—
 " Oh Fatherland how fat art thou !
 Oh Time—how thou art long !"
Ach weh, (German)—Oh, woe.
Alltag, (German)—Every day.
Allerweil, (German)—Always ; also whilst.
Anamile, (American)—Animal.
Antwortet, (German)—Answered.
Baender-box,—Band-box.
Be-ghostet, (German, *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
Behauptet, (German, *Behauptet*)—Asserted.
Begreifen, (German)—Understand.
Bemoost, (German)—Moss-grown ; in student's language, *ein bemooste Haupt*, an old student.
Be-raised—Raised, with the augment, literal for German, *erhoben*.
Bli's, (German)—Lightning.
Ble Jack road—Near Muftreesboro', Tennessee.
Bountier, (American)—Bounty-money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers. To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium, and then run away.
 "This is the song of Billy Jones,
 Who jumped the boun-ti-ee."
 American Ballad of 1864.
Brav, (German)—Good.
Brummed, (German, *Crummer*)—To make a growling, deep bass sound.
Bumming—From Bummer.
Bushwhackers—Guerillas.
Bust his shell, (American)—Broke his head.
Carmosine, (German)—Crimson. French—Cramoisie.
Carnadine—Incarnadine. Deep pink or blood red.
Composing stick—A sort of iron box or receptacle in which type are placed as they are set or brought together.
Coster—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch.
Crislies—Grisly, (bear.)
Damit, (German)—By that.
Das war des Breitmann's Not, (German)—That was Breitmann's need or fatal extremity. Imitated from the last line of Der Nibelungen Lied.
De Schœnheitsideal, (German)—The ideal of beauty.
Deutschfertig, (German)—German-ready. A burlesque word.
 " Then you will be German-ready for an ideal perfect language."
Deutschland—Germany.
Die wile er mohte leben, (Old German, or Middle Hig German of the 11th century)—During all its life:—
 " Daz wolde er immer dienen
 Die wile er mohte leben."
 Kutrun, xv avent, 756 verse

- Druckerei*, (German)—Printing office.
Du bist ein Musikant—Thou art a musician.
Elders, (German, *Eltern*)—Parents.
Elfenbein, (German)—Ivory.
Ergeben, (German)—Give over.
Ernsthaft, (German)—Earnest.
Error-dom. Irrthum—Error.
Fass, (German)—Barrel.
Frau, (German)—Woman.
Froze to de ready—Held fast to the money.
Fullenden, (German, *Vollenden*)—To finish, perfect.
Fuss, (German)—Foot.
Fust—The partner of Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing.
Gast, (German)—Guest.
Gauer—Vallies.
Gaul dern—A Yankee oath.
Gauner-sprache, (German)—Thieves' language.
Geh hin mein Puch, (German of 16th century.)
Gekommen so, (German)—Come thus.
Gelbschnabel, (German)—Yellow bill, (*i. e.* soft.) Meaning a "greenhorn."
Gemuthlichkeit, (German)—Good nature; a cheerful tone of mind.
Gestohlen und bekannt, (German)—Stolen and known.
Glaub'es, (German)—Believe it.
Goblum—For goblin.
Gotteshaus, (German)—House of God.
Gutenberg—The inventor of the art of printing.
Guve—Southern slang for give. *Guv*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.
Hanserl, (German)—Jacky.
Heavy—Hood.
Heine, Heinrich—German poet.
Heini von Steier—Heinrich von Opterdingen.
Heller, (German)—Farthing.
Hereauf, hierauf—Thereupon.
Herrlich, (German)—Noble; lordly.
Herzlich, (German)—Heartily; cordially.
Himmel, (German)—Heaven.
Himmels-Potz-Pumpen-Herrgott—A mild sort of a German imprecation untranslatable.
Himmlisch-Hoellisch qual, Heavenly-hellish pain.
Hoof-irons, (*Huf-eisen* in German)—Horse-shoe.
Im gruenen Wald, (German)—In the greenwood.
Im Oaken Wald, (German)—In the oak wood.
In nomine Domine, (Latin)—In the name of the Lord.
 "In nomine Domine!
 Was Hero Hagen's word."
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang. In song and music all thy life.
Jeff, (Printer's phrase)—A game played by throwing up types and counting the nick.

Jours—Journeyman.

Kalt, (German)—Cold.

Kanaster, (German)—Canaster tobacco.

Karfunkelstein, (German)—Carbuncle.

Kauder-Waelsch, (German)—Gibberish.

Kilin, a *kitin*—Flying or running rapidly.

Kreuzfidel, (German)—True hearted; gallant in the highest degree.

Kummel, (German)—Cumin brandy.

Lieder, *Lieds*, (German)—Songs.

Like spiders down their webs—Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.

Loafer—A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover*, is a close translation of *rom*, as this latter means both a Gipsy and a husband.

Loudet, (*Lauten* in German)—To make sound.

Lumpenglocke, (German)—An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those who give the signal that the beer houses must close.

"*Make de red cock crow*"—"To set the red cock on the roof," signifies in German, to set a man's house on fire.

Mit hoontin knife, &c.—

"With her white hands so lovely
She dug the Count his grave,
From her dark eyes sad weeping,
The holy water she gave."

(Old German ballad.)

Morgan—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America.

Moskopolite, (American)—Cosmopolite.

Mutter, (German)—Mother.

Nun-endlich, (German)—Well, at last.

O'Bradey—An Irish giant commemorated in a once popular song.

Odenwald—A thickly wooded district in South Germany.

Ohne Zal, (German)—Without number.

On-belongs—Literal translation of *Zugehort*.

Oop-sproong—For *aufsprung*.

Orgelton, (German)—Organ sound.

Out-sprach—Outspoke.

Peeps—People, "Hard on the American peeps"—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing.

Pestain—Stain, with the augment.

Pfauelzer—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.

Pie the forms—Break up and scatter the forms of type.

Pile out, (American)—Hurry out.

Plug muss, (American fireman)—A fight around a fire-plug.

Poonkin—Pumpkin.

Rede, (German)—Speech.

Red-Waelsch, *Roth-Waelsch*, (German)—Thieves' language.

Reiter, (German)—Rider.

Ridersmann, (*Reitersmann* in German)—Rider.

Ritter, (German)—Knight.

Sachsen—Saxonia, Saxony.

- Sacrin*—Consecrating.
Sauerkraut, (German)—Pickled cabbage.
Scatterin, Scotterin—Scattering.
Schauer, (German)—Shudder.
Schenk aus, (German)—Pour out.
Schimmel, (German)—Grey horse.
Schloss, (German)—Castle.
Schopenhauer—A celebrated German "philosophical physiologist."
Schwaben—Swabia.
Schwanen, (German)—Swans.
Schwartzer Mohr, (German)—A black negro. Mohr in German is applied very generally to both Moors and negroes.
Scrouged, (American)—Pressed, jammed.
Seelen—Ideal. Soul's ideal.
Shapel—Chapel is an old word for a printing office.
Shipsy—Gipsy.
Shlide—Slide. "Let it slide," vulgar for "let it go."
Shootin-shtick—Shooting-stick. It is used for closing up the forms of types.
Shpeck—Speck, (German)—Bacon.
Sonntags, (German)—Sundays.
Spiel, (German)—Play.
Sporn, (German)—Spur.
Stim, (German, *Stimme*)—Voice.
Studenten in den Classen, (German)—Students in the streets, or lanes.
Sturm und Drang, (German)—Storm and pressure.
Sweynheim und Pannarts—The first printers at Rome.
Takes, (printers' phrase)—Allotments of copy, or strips, to each printer.
Teufel, (German)—Devil.
Thrip, (Southern American)—Three-pence.
Todt, (German)—Dead.
Treppe, (German)—Stairs.
Treu, (German)—Faithful, true.
Ueberschwengliche, (German)—Transcendental; elevated.
Verdammt, (German)—D—d.
Wahres Kunstgenuss, (German)—Truly artistic enjoyment.
Wachsen, (German)—Grow :—
 "Komm'ich in's galante Sachsen,
 Wo die schöne Maedchen wachsen."
Wild und weh, (German)—Wilk and woe begone.
Wo bist du? (German)—Where art?
Woe-moeady, (German, *Wemuthing*)—Moanful, doleful.
Wohl auf! (German)—Literally well up; but meaning "hey!" or "up there!"
Wurst mir und egal—All one to me. Wurst is a German student word for indifference.
Yartausend, Jahrtausend, (German)—A thousand years.
Yellow pine, (American)—A mulatto.
Youngest Day, (German)—Juengste tag. The Day of Judgment.
Yungling, Jungling, (German)—Youth.

